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The Annual
published
by
Shortridge
High School

Indianapolis
Indiana



and
dedicated to
the Faculty

1911

Hallowed by tradition
and glorified by age is the
relationship of student and
teacher. As an evidence of
our appreciation of this time
honored bond of friendship,
We the Shortridge Class of
Nineteen Hundred Eleven,
dedicate this Our Annual,
to Our Teachers.

'11.


Henry R. Allen
Harold Blair
Hugh H. Barcus
George Burch, Principal
Corinne L. Barcus
Angeline P. Carey
Virginia E. Claybaugh
Josephine Cox
Walter B. Davison
Louis H. Dirks
Laura Dornan
Charity Dye
Edgar T. Forsyth

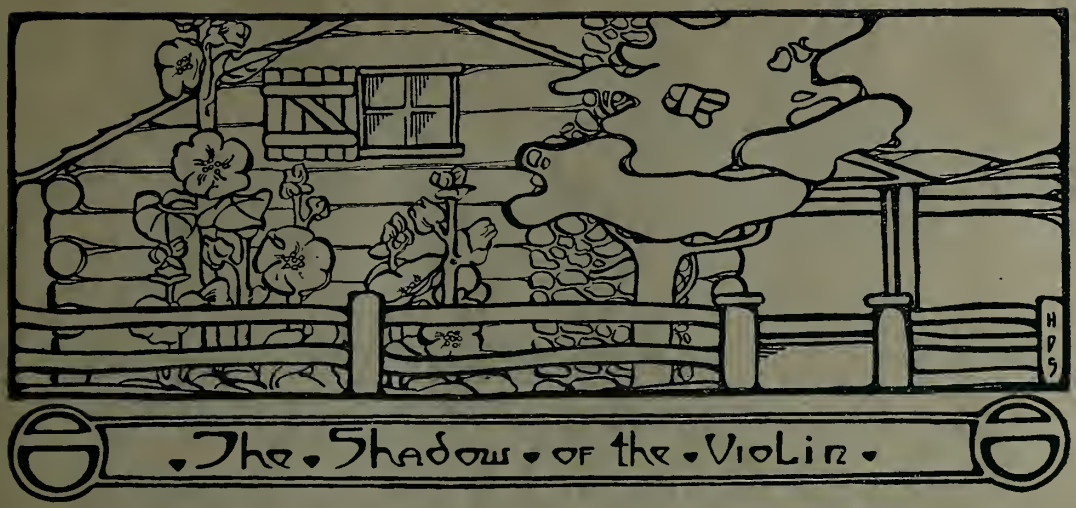

Ellinor Graber
Elizabeth L. Holton
Milicent Hosmer
Martha Hunt
Harold K. Kingston
Blanche Kummer
W. W. Livengood
Rousseau McClellan
Elizabeth McConnell
Mary Anne McCoy
Ruth McKibben
Ella S. Matthews
Elizabeth Middleton
Rosa M. R. Mikels
E. Lansford Moore


J.R.H. Moore
Eugene Mueller
Iaca Nix
Zella O'Hair
Ruth O'Hair
Annette Ostrander
Wm. F. Otto
Grace M. Philpott
Chas. J. Pieper
Amelia W. Platter
Elizabeth S. Rawls
Florence E. Richard
Abby L. Ross
Peter Schaefer
Janet P. Shaw
Rosa F. Sm


Mary Snodgrass
A H. Spaeul
Mary E. Sullivan
Howard F Taylor
Frank B. Wade
James E. Weyant
Lillian Weyl
Harry E. Wood
Alice Allen
Jessie Allen
Margaret Davis
Arthur Leible
Jennie Schantz
Maria H. Stewart
Lauan Gilmore


Custom
Made A
And With Faith
Have We
A Book For
The Deeds
Of the Girls
Short-
Made Us
Book
In Custom
Made It
You Kind Reader
You May Con
and Doings
and Boys
F
ridge


PART ONE



The Shadow of the Violin

The house was an old mountain cabin of pioneer type, two-storied, and built of logs, with a rude chimney at each end. The building had long been deserted and the weeds had grown about the door; the fence and out-buildings were fast falling to decay. In the yard many an old-fashioned flower struggled to lift its head above the weeds. At the back of the house rose wooded hills; before the door lay a green valley through which wound a small river. There was a look of haunting melancholy about the place. For years it had been considered haunted and the superstitious mountaineers avoided the road which led down by this house. Lights had been seen at night at the windows and various persons claimed to have heard the sound of a violin. Not even a traveler ever sought shelter there, so shunned was the spot.

However, on a certain summer day a woman was standing in the yard, looking about with a sad, tender recollection. She was well past sixty, tall, gaunt, with piercing dark eyes, and hair which was streaked with gray. Her slat sunbonnet was pushed back from her face, revealing the deep lines traced there by care and hardship. After a while she went inside the house, and for a long time stood in the middle of the sunken floor, thinking of her past life. This was the home to which she had come as a young wife and where many of her dear ones had died. Here she had passed her happiest days; and the longing to go over it again had been so strong that she could not resist it, so she had come back to spend a day roaming about the old place. The walls of the room in which she stood had once been whitewashed, but were now discolored by smoke, and in some places streaked with yellow where the rain had poured through the decaying roof;



but, by the door, there was a white spot shaped like a violin. The woman gazed at it a long time, shaking her head mournfully.

"Jimmy's fiddle!" she murmured. "My Jimmy's fiddle!"

She gathered an armful of wood and built a fire in the old fireplace like one in a dream. At one side of the room was a rude bench, and on this she placed an old-fashioned basket which contained her simple lunch. As she sat thinking of the past and of those whom she had lost, she was startled to hear the call, "Hello!" outside the door, and looking out she saw a stranger sitting on his horse at the gate. He was a large, heavily bearded man, dressed after mountaineer fashion and wearing a broad felt hat. For a minute he did not speak, then he asked slowly:

"Can I git dinner here, ma'am?"

The woman looked at him quietly.

"Well, stranger, if ye kin stand what I've got to eat, ye're welcome to it. 'Light off and come in."

Accepting the invitation, the stranger turned his horse loose at the gate, and came inside.

"Ain't nobody livin' here?" he asked. "I jest saw your smoke, an' thinkin' it was nigh onto noon, I thought I'd stop."

"No, there ain't nobody livin' here, now," she answered. "I jest took it into my head to come and stay here all day. This uster be my old home, where my children was borned and where my old man died a long time ago."

"Maybe I ortn't to come in," said the man.

"No, it's all right," she said.

"Do you live clost by?" he asked.

"'Bout a mile. Ye see, I live with William and his wife. William, he was my oldest son. Set down on the bench and I'll spread out the dinner." She had brought her luncheon in an old-fashioned basket, and, noticing this, the stranger remarked:

"That's a curious lookin' old basket."

"It's the basket my boy used to carry to school," she answered.

"Well I reckon it's old sure enough," he said. "An' you live with that son now?"

"I was talkin' about my boy Jimmy. He was the youngest and the only one that went to school. He was a good son, only jest a little wild."

"Jest a little wild," repeated the stranger. "So many air like that ma'am and they turn out all right. Whar is yore son now?"

"Oh, Jimmy, he's dead," she replied with a catch in her voice. "He's been dead 'most twenty years."

"I'm sorry I ast ye 'bout him."

She wiped her eyes with her apron and was silent for a while. "I reckon I might as well tell ye," and seating herself in the doorway, she began her story. "He was killed. Ye see, as I jest now said, he was a little wild an' he would drink sometimes. But he had the kindest heart and he was as good to me as he could be. He was good lookin' an' smart, too, and everybody liked Jimmy and liked to hear him play the fiddle. Folks used to send fer him fer fifteen an' twenty miles to play fer them to dance by. Jimmy loved his fiddle and would set fer hours playin' with his eyes half shut. Seemed like he didn't care fer anything else till he got to courtin' a gal over 'cross the river. Her name was Mag King and everybody thought she was awful purty. He first met her at a dance, and he jest went crazy about her. He went acrost the river to all the parties, 'cause she was allus there.

"One day a young feller come to this part of the country. He was jest 'bout Jimmy's age and size an' folks thought he looked jest like Jimmy. After this feller come, Mag wouldn't dance with Jimmy. This made him so mad he wouldn't play the fiddle, and once or twice him and this feller almost had a fight, but somebody parted them.

"Mag always tried to aggervate Jimmy and one night Jimmy couldn't stand no more and told her to choose between them. She laughed and took the other feller. Jimmy didn't say another word, but picked up his fiddle and went out of the house. This was the last time anybody ever saw him alive." She paused while sobs shook her thin frame. "Jimmy didn't come home, and the next evening a boy come to pay him for playin'. He told me 'bout the fuss and said they hadn't seen this other feller.

"William started out next day to hunt fer Jimmy but couldn't find a trace of him. Ever' time I heard a step I jumped up, thinkin' my boy had come back. It was three weeks before they found him up in the woods. He'd been killed with a shot-gun. They could tell it was him only by his clothes, an' by his fiddle. It was layin' by him. They never let me see him at all. They buried his fiddle with him. Everybody was sure that that feller killed him 'cause he had borried old man King's gun that night."

"You haven't lived here since yore son died?" asked the stranger.



"No, I went to live with William and nobody wouldn't live here. The place is said to be haunted and lots of people have said they've heard Jimmy's fiddle in the night. Do you believe in haunts?"

"I don't know that I do," said the stranger.

"The very night that Jimmy was killed, I was settin' by the fire waitin' fer him. It was 'bout one o'clock and somehow I felt uneasy, and I heard the gate open an' somebody walked up on the porch and I thought it was Jimmy. He pushed the door open and hung his fiddle up on the peg by the door. I said, 'Jimmy, what's the matter?' Then he said, 'I just brung my fiddle home.' I turned around for something and when I looked around again he was gone. I went to the door and called, but no one answered. People said I dreamed that, but I didn't. I liked to went crazy that night, fer ye see Jimmy and me lived by ourselves. Next morning I went over to William's house and told them 'bout what I'd seen, but when we got back over here we couldn't see anything but that shadow of the fiddle up there like you see it now."

"What become of the woman?"

"She married another feller and lives over on the other side of the river."

"Did the other man ever come back?"

"Oh, no but I'm glad it wasn't my Jimmy that killed him."

The stranger sat silent for awhile, then rose to go.

"Good-bye, ma'am," he said. "Much oblige fer the dinner."

"Ye'er welcome. I expect you've got a mother?"

"Yes," answered the man, "an' it makes me sorry to think how wild I used to be an' all the trouble I give her. But I can't help it now."

"But it is a comfort you can go back and tell her so," she said.

"I wish I could," he said as he turned and left the old lady standing in the door.

He rode away; and looking back he could see the old cabin with the woman still standing in the door.

"I ortn't ever come back," he said to himself, "but it is the last time. I am just a shadow an' so is my fiddle that used to hang on the wall. And they think it's me that was killed. I wanted to call her mother but I just couldn't. There's nothing left for me now."




Shortridge
Canterbury Tales
H.D.S.

Whylom was come into this hostelrie
Well two hundred, in a company,
Of sondry folk by aventure i-falle.
In felawship and students were they alle,
That toward knowledge wolde ryden,
And in this schole ful four years wolde a-byden.
So me think it acordaunt to resoun
To tell you all the condicioun
Of som of hem, so as it semed me,
Of which they weren, and of what degre;
And eek in what aray that they were inne;
So at Daun Tommy wol I first biggynne.

This cherl of which I telle you my tale,
Sin thylke day that he was green as alle,
Had ben spoiled quite much
By ladies, teachers, and alle such.
Al yelwe was his hair so streit and longe,
As yelwe as the daisey or the mone.
Him smyle with a grin that o'er his face sprede
As broad a grin as Sunny Jim's, 'tis saide.
This mouth so grinny and this hair so brighte
Ful many a tym were in the public sighte,
For this yong gentilman was widly kouthe,
Of gret renoun and honour, yes, by sootbe.
You kouth his nam by now, I gesse,
And spare me the pains it to confesse.

This gentil woman of which I tell you so shortly
Is loved much, not for her manners cortly,
But for her kindly weys and gentil smyl,
And for the love she hath in swich a deel.
She thinkes of her pupils alle



As briddes up in the tre so talle;
She seighs in eche a gentil knight,
Or lady fair with shiny eghen bright.
And wel she loves every plant or flour
That blooms in "3", her school=room bour.

A gentil man ther was, that fro the tyme
That he first bigan this schole to deeme
Worthi of i=dwelling hard withinne,
Had i=taughten woden cherles Latinne
To reden, and Daun Caesar to translate;
He never had be knocked hem on the pate.
Him leste for to speken slow and solempny,
He never did him deyneth speken other wey;
Quit seldom did he lose his pacience.
He practiced always hertes sufficiaunce.
He loketh as it were a worthy man,
And every sentence, by coustum, he bigan,
"Now wol we reden of Daun Cicero."
And with that word he ryseth on his toe,
And sticking finger long and wide
At a cherle not far away bisyde,
Gan stalken up and doun bifor the classe,
His beede bent, and seigh him noght that passe.

A yonge damsel with her brighten eghen
On any plesaunt morning may be seghen;
She trippeth with a very aery trede,
As though she just had rissen from her bedde,
And in her smyling is ful symple and coy.
Hush! ne never did she loketh at a boy!
She is, I kouthe, quite full of fun,
Is thylke dameysel i=cleped Marion.

A gentil man ther was quite thikke in jointe,
He was a lord ful fat and in good pointe;
Him cleped Peter, and fin Dutch him spake;
He growled just to make wee Freshmen quake.
His eghen twinkled in his head aright
As doon the sterres in the frosty night.
In sootbe, him cleped all the Seniors "shirks"—
But now he's left his job to Mister Dirks.

Right in the halls of thilke very schole,
Ther is a lad as thinne as any pole;
Him loketh woried with the cares of lyf,
Dear Sirs, we fear the Echo gaf im grief.
His name is Taylor, as I undertake,
And lean he is as any sclendre rake.

We have right in our narwe classic halls
A man wel koutbe in many bachelor calls.
When pilgrimyng to sondry straunge strondes,
Him loketh lyk a freere with his bandes.
His heed is balled and shin lik any glasse;
Him walketh with a mighty jerky pace.
His name wel kouth you al, said I,
'Tis common, ay, 'tis just Eddy.

But now of many a one I hav you told,
Of teachers, maydes, and cherles bold,
Who in this schole are in good reputacion
For wit, or beautie, or verleich late fashion;
And as the Muse me sikerly forsaketh,
A litel bow I fetisly you maketh.



The Alchemist's Touch

Sitting in her sunny south window, behind her pots of scarlet geraniums, she knits mittens for the neighbor's children, to be given to them when they come in to say that "Mother hopes Miss Delitha's rheumatism is better, and wonders if a glass of red haw jelly would taste good to her," or, "Papa wants to know if she is out of yarn, and if he can buy her some when he goes to the city." They all love her, this little invalid aunt of my father's, in the town where she lives. The children climb up on the picket fence below her window to wave their little red mittened hands to her, and she waves and nods joyously back to them. Even the dogs stop and poke their dear, inquisitive, little black noses through the palings, and wag their friendly little tails when she smiles. She is a friend to all the world, and all the world loves to claim her, for she is just a "kindred spirit" to everyone.

For a long time, Aunt Delitha has had a pleasant habit of "borrowing" me in the vacation, and we sit together before the fire, or out in the garden, as the season may be, she, a girl of seventy, and I, a girl of sixteen.

One evening in the Xmas vacation, I was telling her a remark that my small sister had made about a little friend with whom she had been playing dolls.

"Do you know, 'Lizabeth Anne is just the end of creation! When my doll is Joan of Arc, hers is too. And if mine is Lady Jane Gray, hers is, too. She just hasn't any imagination at all."

Aunt Delitha laughed blithely at this speech.

"I don't blame the poor child one bit," she said. "Doesn't one get irritated with a person who hasn't enough imagination to have her doll's name different? It's not only with dolls, it's with all sorts of things."



"My best friend was Priscilla Crawford, who was the kind that followed the letter of the law, but didn't get into the spirit. She learned her lessons by heart, but she saw no romantic situation in 'Woodman, spare that tree,' and she laughed at the cold shivers I had up and down my back when they recited 'Horatius at the Bridge.' Poor little girl, she missed a lot just because she didn't have that indefinable something that sweetens the humblest life and makes glad all the lives that touch it.

"She was a great comfort to her old blind father, except that in describing a sunset to him, she couldn't put in just a touch of purple and gold that swept across the sky, like some royal robe too beautiful for this earth and so caught up into Heaven where every one might see it. She could make his omelets perfectly, but she couldn't satisfy his hunger for the beautiful.

"Then, when she grew older, she was very capable, and could make the best cherry pies in the whole country-side; but she missed so much in not having just the little rosy touch of romance that imagination would lend even to the making of a cherry pie! Priscilla was married when she was very young, but even while she was being courted, she wasn't thrilled in the least by the wonder of love. I can remember when she told me she was engaged, she said calmly, 'We'll live on the river farm because in the valley there are such good pastures for the cattle.'

"I could have choked her then and there. I loved Priscilla dearly, but that speech riled me so, that I get mad still when I think of it. And then I felt sorry for her to think that she could pass through the most beautiful experience of a woman's life, and not have enough imagination to be awed by the wonder of it.

"About five years later, when her husband died from what I think was just lack of sympathy in the things of the imagination, (of course, the doctors diagnosed it differently) she, poor dear Priscilla, was crushed. She had been clipping her wings all her life, so to speak, and now they were too weak from lack of use to lift her out of the ruin of her life, up where she could see that which is unseen. For that is what imagination is, the seeing of the unseen.

"It is a wonderful sort of thing! Do you know, when I look at Laddie-dog and think that by the laws of evolution I am related to him, I see that there's one great difference. He has eyes, and so have I; he has the power of movement, no less have I; he has life, that golden gift of a most gracious God; I, too, have that. But I, I have a vision that sees beyond the narrow horizon where the sun sinks to rest, that sees beyond the tireless stars, that finds joy unspeakable in the song of a lark in the

spring. It reaches out and touches something so infinitely substantial, so all-satisfying, that I know it is real, more real than the stars and sun. For empires have passed away, that vied with the sun; matchless beauty and culture have faded before the stars. But still the vision remains! It lifts us out of our common dust, up, up, where soul meets soul in the quiet starlight. It transfigures us from the beings of this world to inhabitants of a world of our own. It makes us immortal!

"I speak, dear child, from experience, for I have felt all that I speak of. Some good fairy (don't laugh at me, for there really and truly are fairies) must have endowed me with this vision, for I cannot remember when I didn't have it. It's always meant everything to me. You may think that my life has been rather joyless, but it's the magic touch of imagination that has turned the commonplace to the unusual. I never was strong like other girls when I was young, and so instead of doing all the dear, delightful things that are life to most of you, I had to sit in the house and stitch away on a sampler.

"I have always had the daily bread that feeds my physical being, and thank goodness! I've had the daily bread that feeds something within me that has wonderful white wings. Maybe you don't see much in my life that would keep the wonderful wings from drooping and the light that surrounds them from fading. But, child, if you could sit at my window, among my dear geraniums, and watch the children dance by to school, without feeling a bond of companionship between that angel of imagination and those innocent clear-eyed children, a bond that would feed and strengthen the angel, you are not worthy to have an angel within you.

"Don't crush that angel, little girl! Don't follow the example of myriads of foolish good people who consider it grim duty to see no farther than the four walls of their dwelling-place. Let it grow and strengthen its wings, until it has made you reach forth your hands in tender sympathy with all the world, and until the wings finally bear you beyond the ken of man, up, up, in the quiet starlight!"

She paused. It was a long, sweet pause of perfect understanding. The fire had died down and through the eastern window gleamed the peaceful Xmas star.

"Why, poor little girl, she said at last, "here I've been talking all this foolishness to you just because you seemed to understand. It's only the fond philosophy of an old woman—an old woman."

"Aunt Delitha, you are not old. The angel makes you forever young." I bent and kissed the faded hand, and thanked the kind fairies that had moved Aunt Delitha to reveal to me the gift that turns the lead of life to gold, the Alchemist's touch.

Mr. Repeat-Pete Shows Shortsidge.

Here's a history class, if you please, sir,
You see it's sedate-date-date-date.
Now here in this chemistry lab, sir,
The bell we'll await-weight-weight-weight,
And meanwhile I shall—sit down, sir—
Of our Greek class relate-late-late-late.

Though we have physiography classes
And then still some more-ore-ore-ore-,
To install manual training, our elders
With kindness forbore-bore-bore-bore.
Otherwise, as you'll see by the rooms here,
We've science galore-lore-lore-lore.

Now in this class—come, sir, walk faster—
A wrong word dispels-spells-spells-spells,
And here, this rental library
All others excels-sells-sells-sells.
From these new drinking cups—try a mouthful—
Good, fresh water swells-wells-wells-wells.

The food in the lunch room—this way, sir—
Is certainly sweet-eat-eat-eat;
Those C. C. C. men over there, sir,
Will always defeat-feet-feet-feet;
But now I must leave you—good-bye, sir—
At Crawford's retreat-treat-treat-treat!

—Edna Schnull.

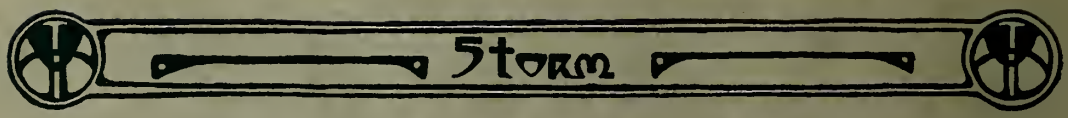


Storm

Silas Brigham thought afterward that it was the blizzard which had brought the dog,—that the chill blast sweeping down the mountain had whirled him along with its eddies of fine, icy snow flakes, and deposited him on the door-step of the lonely cottage. It may be that Silas longed for companionship, and felt the oppressive solitude of the snow-clad hills when, in times like these, he was cut off from all outside intercourse by three feet of white silence. At any rate he felt peculiarly drawn to the dog from the first time the trembling puppy tumbled into the room that stormy night. The result was that Silas kept him, so that by the time of the spring "breaking-up" there was real affection on the part of the man for the playful puppy; and, to the heretofore homeless dog, the man was everything.

That winter was over three years ago, and now Storm—for he was evidently named after the night that brought him—was a fine, full grown, and powerful Scotch collie, beautifully marked with white and tan. His path had not been altogether smooth, for he had had to establish himself in the respect of the community, and this he had done by almost a year of continuous warfare. He had come out victor, nevertheless, with a more powerful body than ever, and a prouder poise of his noble head, and a more delicate lifting of his dainty white feet.

The people of the village, however, were not reconciled to the newcomer. To have all their dogs humiliated by this "devil of a fighter," and to have to admit that he was the best dog, was not pleasing. Besides, his origin was doubtful, he might have "bad blood," and there was "no telling what a strange dog like him will do." So Storm was looked upon with suspicion and disfavor. But there was nothing in his conduct to complain of: he was a perfect gentleman.



The beautiful collie was Silas Brigham's pride and he swore that Storm was "a deal sight the best dog ever seen in the Green Mountains." In fact he declared at the general store one night that he would give any man ten dollars who could prove a thing against that dog.

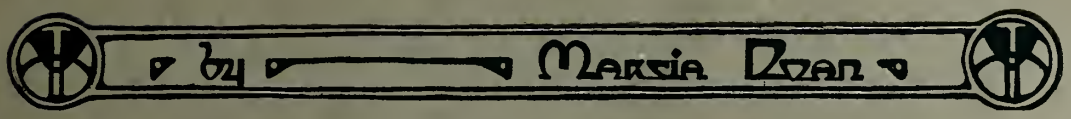
Storm was in his element at this particular time of the year. It was summer, and the green velvety hills let the blue sky peep through the gap where roaring West River tumbled down from the mountains into the placid little valley and turned the wheels of the saw mill on its bank. The prim little whitewashed town clustered around the spires of its two churches, and seemed to hold aloof from the few more distant dwellings. One of the farthest of these, at the foot of Peaked Mountain, was Silas's little cottage, and still farther back in the range was Silas's lumber camp.

It was Storm's duty to escort the team of oxen, with a cargo of logs, down the rocky mountain road from the lumber camp to the saw mill. Undoubtedly this was the finest team of oxen for miles around, and Storm took an almost jealous pride in his charges. At night, when the oxen were in the pasture, and Silas was sleeping soundly, Storm always kept one eye on his master's faithful servants.

Of late he had been particularly anxious about them for some reason—he did not know why. He could not understand that for the past few nights a "terror" had been making havoc among the cattle and sheep of the country, that it was the general opinion that a dog was the cause of the trouble, and that Jess Newby, former partner and now sworn enemy of Silas Brigham, had his mind made up that Storm was the guilty party. Nothing could give Newby more satisfaction than to prove this pride of Silas's a "killer" and to compel the old man to give the ten dollars to his enemy and lose his dog besides. So Jess was on the watch that night when Storm was particularly anxious about the oxen.

The dog stopped, sniffed the wind: there was a new odor in it. Storm was puzzled but he was sure the odor was the seat of the trouble. He leaped the stone wall which separated the small, rocky farm of his master from that of Jess Newby. The moon slipped from behind a cloud for a moment and then disappeared in the inky depths of another, but in that instant a man had seen the collie leap the wall and trot across the meadow. Instantly he was following, but the night was so dark that he could progress but slowly; so it was some time later that he was scrambling across the wall of the north field. The moon again appeared and Jess Newby saw a sight which he had long wanted to see. He wondered how much he would give to have Silas see that.





For fully a minute he feasted his eyes; then drew his musket to his shoulder and aimed at the beautiful creature standing motionless there in the moonlight, his proud head held high, looking intently toward the black woods beyond, one foot uplifted, his whole powerful body alert. To look at him who would think so noble a creature capable of any base act? But there at his feet was that which would condemn any dog to instant death. A freshly killed heifer, torn and bleeding, lay at Storm's feet. The musket blazed forth, Storm snarled and leaped away, but a long tuft of tan and white fur floated down and lay in the blood of the heifer.

Here was proof enough: Storm must die and Silas must pay his ten dollars. There lay the heifer and a wisp of tan and white fur, and the next morning Storm had a long tear across his back where the musket ball had grazed him.

The story was told at the general store that night, but still Silas refused to believe that Storm was guilty. All proof seemed to condemn him and Silas could only say, "I don't believe it. Storm couldn't do it. I'll have to see him with my own eyes before I'll believe it." The others laughed and said they always knew that dog was a bad one, and told Silas not to be a fool. Silas pleaded for time, so it was arranged that a party, including Jess and Silas, should watch Storm that very night —and so the expedition started.

The killer was out early that night for when Silas's house was reached, Storm was already gone. Silas's heart grew leaden. Could it be that Storm was really the criminal?

The search was soon over. Suddenly one of the oxen came bellowing past them, mad with fear, its mate nowhere to be seen. Silas led the way to the meadow where it ought to be, and there in the feeble light of his lantern he saw a sight which brought tears to his eyes and joy to his heart. There was the freshly killed ox, but near it was Storm, his beautiful coat torn and dripping with his own life's blood, and his teeth firmly locked in a death grip in the shaggy throat of a small black bear,— the only one seen in the region for twenty years. It had been a terrible struggle, and the ground was torn up with evidences of it, but Storm, in the end, had conquered for the bear was quite dead.

In the general store the next night, and for many nights afterward—indeed, if you were to go into that little New England cross-roads building in the heart of the Green Mountains now, you would still hear it—the tale was rehearsed from beginning to end, and the hardy mountaineers all stood and drank to "Storm, a deal sight the best dog ever seen in the Green Mountains."



The Seven Ages of Shortridge

All Shortridge is a stage,
And all the boys and girls are merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one boy in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. First the eighth gradesman,
Pining and longing but to enter here:
And then the awkward freshman with his books,
Who deigns nor look nor word to quondam friends
Still working in the grades: and then the sophomore,
Studying through the night, still insignificant
But planning greater things too: then a junior,
Laughing at the world and merry as a lark,
Careless of marks, or feigning not to care,
Seeking to hide in gaiety
His recent new awakening: and then the senior,
Shouldering dignity, and many cares withal,
With face intent, and every hair in place,
Full of wise thoughts and learning to be great,
And so he plays his part: the sixth age shifts
Into the old and scarce post-graduate,
With mind on days gone by, and unconcerned,
About the work and welfare of the present class,
Wherein he has no share, his only aim
Being the knowledge to be gathered here;
His active part is past: Last scene of all
The strange alumni wandering through the halls,
Those scenes of childhood—sunk in revery;
Sans books, sans pen, sans youth, sans everything.

—Edna Schnull.

As one that standing on a grassy hill
Where shadows fall as soft as tears are shed,
Looks far away across the vale to where
Another hill lifts high its mist-crowned head,
And as he sees the cloud-kissed colors blend,
So warm that artist never dared to dream
Such beauty for his brush, nor poet sing,
So all-surpassing heavenly did it seem;—
'Tis thus we distant view our fellow-man,
Behold his vice and virtues thus afar
So softly blended and so kindly touched
As only God's true masterpieces are.

—Katharine Jameson.

A TOAST

When my thoughts turn backward to glad years of yore,
And fancy lives over past pleasures and plays,
I think as I've thought a thousand times o'er,
Here's to the friends of my Shortridge days!
To teachers, and scholars too:
And may the sweet bond
Of those memories fond
Abide long both with me and with you!

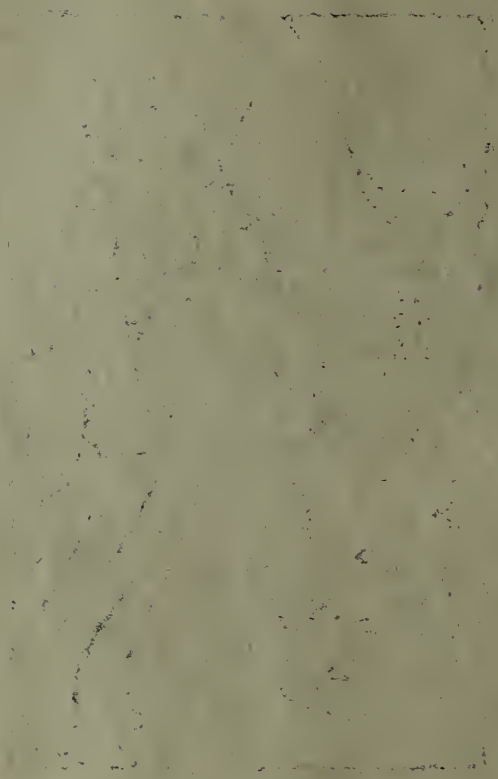
—Marcia Doan.

I love the happy summer time,
The dropping-off-to-slumber time,
The abrogating, satiating, medicating summer time!
And yet I love the winter time,
The chopping-wood-to-splinter time,
The jubilating, fascinating, stimulating winter time!

—Edna Schnull.


The Summer Girl
She oppilates
She satiates
She cultivates
And modulates
She fascinates
She captivates
She meditates
And culminates





Class Poem.

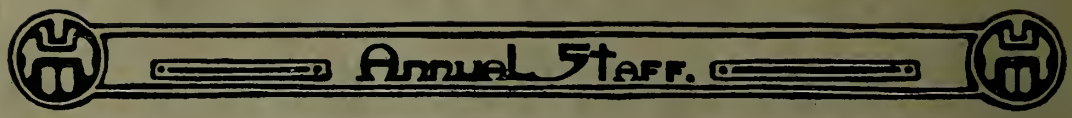
Deep, glowing colors of the morning sky
Light up the watery waste and glorify,
In rose-illumined beams, the craggy cliff.
The boatman, with his buoyant, eager face,
Unmoors his craft from wave-washed landing place,
And with soaring song steps board the fisher-skiff.

Yet while with hungry arms his strokes he plies,
Strange, yearning doubts and longings in his heart arise,
As there behind him fades his native shore,
And there before him lies the unknown sea—
What thinks he of the tempest's roar or how 'twould be
If human eyes should see his bark no more?

Dear Shortridge, thus it is that we must turn
From pleasures old; and while we burn
To search the regions that our minds have scarcely known,
There comes a feeling that we cannot soon forget—
Of yearning, vague unrest, a sense of deep regret,
A hollow void we hardly dare to own.

We know not what is in the distance vast,
Nor what awaits us there; we only hope that past
Thoughts gained from thee will give us strength anew
To cast aside each threatening fear and paltry prize,
To shrink from aught that in our pathway lies,
To brave the storm and struggle nobly through.

—Mildred Burkhardt.



Editor-in-Chief
Glen Brown

Art Editors

Hazel Snepp — Hazel Thayer

Associate Editors

Katharine Snodgrass — Edna J. Schnull
Clara Nelson — Marcia Doan
Estella Hendrix — Ruth Lockwood
Paul Baur — Paul W. Rous

Business Manager
Ralph Davis

Associate Business Manager
George L. Harding

EDITORIAL.

When a man writes a book, he is rarely certain of its success. He earnestly believes it is success-worthy if it is properly appreciated, but he fears the voluntary verdict of a passive public. So Mr. Author writes up a very gracious article, calling attention to the merits of his work, the field it is to fill, and the purposes for which it is intended. This he places conspicuously in the volume under the title of Introduction, Prologue, or Editorial, and straightway forgets all his anxiety concerning the success of the book in the new fear that the editorial be not read.

Like such an author, we too can well share the conventional doubt regarding the success of this Annual. Annuals have been published at Shortridge before. Annuals are published the world over. This is but one among many. Yet it has its place to fill. Its is the task of representing present-day Shortridge in Art, in Literature, and in Life. To strangers it must portray Shortridge reliably; to alumni it must recall the incidents of their high school days; and to members of the present senior class it must prove a keepsake, fraught with a meaning that deepens with the passing of time.

To these ends have we selected our poems and stories; have drawn our art designs; have sought out the idiosyncrasies of our teachers and fellow students, and have gently railed at them in various degrees of kindness.

If we have failed to achieve our ends, then let this editorial serve not only to present the purposes of the Annual but also to apologize for our failure to realize these aims. While if we have succeeded, we make this an opportunity to express our thanks for the appreciative approval of our readers.



Honor Roll

Edna Josephine Schnull
Louise Mary Hugbel
Katharine Bearce Snodgrass
Ruth Elizabeth Cunningham
Clara Elizabeth Nelson
Edith Anna Roberts
Helen Hare
Mary Emily Dodson
Hazel Delle Snepp
Mary Trusler
Marcia Sibyl Doan

Class Officers

President
Thomas A. Hendricks

Vice-President
Katherine Lindley

Secretary
Katharine Snodgrass

Treasurer
George C. Spiegel

Colors
Yellow and White

Flower
Lily

Motto
Esse Quam Videri

Class List.

Mary Africa
Ruth Arbaugh
Fay Barnes
George D. Barnes
Kathleen Bassett
Hazel Bates
Hazel Batty
Marie L. Batty
Paul E. Baur
Paul Beaman
Selma Beck
Leonard V. Bedell
Ruth Bevan
Agatha Bixler
Rudolph K. Block
Erma J. Bockhoff
Gladys M. Bowser
Beatrice Bowyer
Rex Boyd
Mary Brewster
Glen Brown
Mildred C. Burkhardt
Marie A. Burns
Anna L. Bush
Helen L. Butterfield
Lois Carey
Juanita Carter
Lucile Carter
Ruth Carter
Blanche M. Chenault
Lola B. Conner
Selina Connett
Florence M. Cook
Beulah Coombs

Ruth Cunningham
Blanche Dallas
Ralph Davis
Vera Dean
Helen Dippel
Howard Divine
Marcia Doan
Emily Dodson
Audrey Doll
Clara Dougherty
Lela Duke
Ruth Dunning
Reginald Du Valle
Dorothea Eaglesfield
Ora Elder
Marion Eldredge
Harriet Ely
Flossie Enlow
Flossie Enos
Emily Evans
Genevieve C. Evans
Elsie Felt
Josephine Ferris
Rosa B. Fitzhugh
Jeanette Gawne
Hazel Gay
Jean Gibbs
Naomi E. Giffin
Mabel Gipe
Lena H. Grisso
Jessie Grout
Bernice Hall
Marjorie Hall
George L. Harding

Helen Hare
Russel E. Harrison
Charlotte Harvey
Jeanette Harvey
Josephine Harvey
Annette Hedges
Henry Hendricks
Thomas A. Hendricks
Estella Hendrix
Bessie Hereth
Helen Hereth
Mary M. Hereth
Marvel Hines
Ruth Hobbs
Alma Hoss
Louise Hubbard
Louise Hughel
Helen L. Ingalls
Helen Irvine
Muriel Jennings
Mary L. Johnston
John W. Jordan
Arthur Judd
Paul Kassebaum
Anson Kellems
Robert Kennington
Elvira Kerz
Bertha F. King
Margaret King
Gustav Klippel
Isadore Kohn
Hazel Kramer
Marion Lacey
Edith K. Lauer

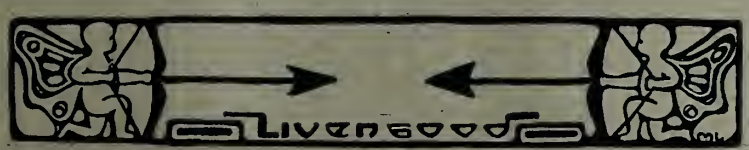


Class List.

Helen Lewis
Irene Lewis
Katherine Lindley
Ruth Lockwood
Elma Logsdon
Marie Love
Wealthy M. Luse
Flossie L. McCabe
Pauline McCaslin
Elna McKamey
Mary C. McKee
Mary McMurray
Esther McNaull
Harry B. McNeely
Abbie Manville
Ruth Marson
Iola Martin
Robert Masters
Eva Matthews
Vivian H. Maxfield
Edith M. Miller
Grace Montgomery
Margaret Montgomery
Herschell Morrison
Floyd Mullendore
Helen Myers
Clara E. Nelson
Harold O'Brien

Jessie Orff
Joseph Ostrander
Robert Ostroff
Alice Paskins
Gertrude Pettijohn
Howard Phelps
Lewis Pierce
Victor Pinnell
Freda M. Popp
Marion Porter
Lloyd Potter
Lauralee Quinlan
Helen Remington
Julia Reyer
Helen Richart
Ruth Ritchie
Edith A. Roberts
Paul W. Rous
Harry A. Schlotzhauer
Edna J. Schnull
Jennie Sciscoe
Selma Scott
Flora Secttor
Beatrice Seldomridge
Elma Sharper
Edith A. Skinner
Roy Smith
Virginia K. Smith
Hazel Snepp

Katharine Snodgrass
Ruby M. Snyder
George C. Spiegel
Nelson J. Springer
Justine Stubbs
Ruth B. Sulgrove
Marie Sullivan
Noble H. Taylor
Hazel Thayer
Mary M. Thompson
Helen Thornton
Helen E. Tipton
Joseph W. Toole
Clarence H. Toon
Mary Trusler
Mary C. Turner
Helen L. Van Camp
Edith R. Vernon
Bernice Voschell
Martha J. Washburn
Luella Wells
Iris Williamson
Helen Wilson
Marguerite Wilson
Mary L. Wilson
Russell Wilson
Ruby M. Winders
Lenore L. Winter





Mary Africa

"The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light."

A neat, attractive and good-natured maiden. She talks very little in class, but is known among her friends as a sociable and jolly person.

Ruth Arbaugh

"The lady does protest too much, methinks."

One of those lightly flitting individuals, who has derived much pleasure out of her high school career.

Fay Barnes

"Reputation, reputation, reputation! Oh, I have lost my reputation!"

You would think so to hear her talk about the imaginary C's and D's she is certainly going to get—but fear not; Fay's reputation as a "star" is as firm as the Rock of Gibraltar.

George D. Barnes

"What can a man do without teeth?"

George has made his high school course largely a business course, but he aspires to a professional life—to be a dentist.

Kathleen Bassett

"She rose like an autumnal night, that springs out of the East."

Came to us in her sophomore year and cannot say "r" yet. The prime cause of all the gray hairs and wrinkles which Mr. Taylor possesses. Popular, mischievous and occasionally serious.

Hazel Bates

"I value Science—none can prize it more."

Has made quite a reputation as a science and mathematics "star."

Hazel Batty

"A merry heart goes all the day."

Hazel is the girl with the pretty black hair and a pleasant smile.

Marie L. Batty

"Have you not heard it said a woman's nay doth stand for naught?"

Often does not mean what she says. Says she doesn't like chemistry exams., but we know better.

Paul Baur

"I am not in the roll of common men."

A valued member of our staff the first term of his senior year, but now engaged, we hope, in a better occupation. A type of true German, wholesome and sincere.

Paul Beaman

"A bigger puddle than I once swam in."

Paul spent his earlier career at Putnamville, Ind. Like most "outsiders" Paul is rather quiet and dignified.

Selma Beck

"Speech is silvern,
Silence is golden;
Speech is human,
Silence is divine."

A neat pleasant girl, with many friends.

Leonard V. Bedell

"Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.
Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth, it catches."

Next to Lewis Pierce, Leonard is the tallest and lankiest youth of the class. Is a prominent member of the orchestra.



Ruth Bevan

"Virtue is like a rich stone."
Ruth has only been with us our last year, but in that time she has entered into our fun and work with a zest that makes us feel that she has been with us always.

Agatha Bixler

"A little heavy but no less divine."
A quiet maiden who, despite her struggles with mathematics, still survives.

Rudolph K. Block

"Satire is my weapon."
Rudolph is one of those luxuriant young gentlemen who rides to school in a limousine, and excites envy in all his friends.

Erma J. Bockhoff

"The true use of speech is not so much to express our wants as to conceal them."
Possibly this is why Erma has been so quiet during her high school career.

Gladys M. Bowser

"How sweet and fair she seems to be."
Noted for her dainty way of lighting matches in chemistry, and for her fluent Vergil translations. Makes delicious candy, too.

Beatrice Bowyer

"A little stranger in a big land."
Beatrice came to us only this year. She makes an enticing "newsboy" in the senior play, for she's a jolly little brunette.

Rex Boyd

"Above our life we love a steadfast friend."
And Rex certainly is one of those steadfast fellows. Made a reputation as an actor and a chauffeur.

Mary Brewster

"Angels listen when she speaks."
This refers to her delightful Southern accent. She is ambitious, too, having entered "Kindergarten School" before she finished her high school course.

Glen Brown

"Consumed the midnight oil."
Yes! we admit that there is one fellow in Shortridge who burned the midnight oil. And he is a well-liked boy. The seniors showed that by giving him such hearty support on the literary side of the Annual.

Mildred C. Burkhart

"Be wise with speed.
A fool at forty is a fool indeed."
Mildred, like all good maidens, dreads to think of ever being forty, so she seeks to lighten that coming load of years with a wise head. Was unanimously selected senior class poet on account of the excellence of her production.

Marie A. Burns

"Blue are her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheek like the dawn of day."
Look into her eyes and you will receive fair speechless messages. Generally known as a jolly lass.

Anna Bush

"Far whiter than driven snow."
May be recognized by her very white complexion. She pleads "not guilty" of ever having done anything about which we could roast her now.



Helen L. Butterfield

"Still to be dressed as if going to a feast."

Helen always wears startling gowns, coats and hats, and comes up to the quotation with her numerous social engagements.

Juanita Carter

"My heart is ever at your service."

The pretty girl with the pink cheeks, who is continually "bawled out" by Noble Taylor in the Wednesday Echo.

Ruth Carter

"Blushing is the color of virtue."

Her rosy cheeks are the cause of quite a little envy among her friends. A pet with Miss Philputt on account of her brilliancy in French.

Lola B. Conner

"Ye little stars! hide your diminished rays."

A first-class student with an endless string of A+'s, and a lovely girl who has endeared herself to Shortridge in her brief two years. Lola also displayed much dramatic ability in the senior play.

Florence M. Cook

"My beauty profiteth me nothing."

She uses other instruments, of course, to make good grades. Florence enjoys trying to interpret omens and her dreams.

Ruth Cunningham

"She in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hands with any princess of the world."

This quotation is certainly true to Ruth, for she has made a splendid reputation as a scholar and a friend.

Lois Carey

"Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul."

An all around girl who had the honor of being our junior vice-president. Ties with Tommy Hendricks for the title of the "Peroxide Blond of Shortridge."

Lucile Carter

"Tongue nor heart
Cannot conceive nor name thee."

This is the maid of the startling coiffures which always include those three touching curls, "complete change of program every day." A star, and a Greek enthusiast who longs for the good old days when Mr. Carr was here.

Blanche M. Chenault

"I'll speak in burning oratory."

Blanche made a splendid English III student, for oratory came easy for her. Now she is studying in the Normal School.

Selina Connett

"So charmingly do I speak and write."

Selina was an addition to our "bunch" from Muncie this year. In a tall, slim figure breathes a quiet, young spirit.

Beulah Coombs

"O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear."

One of Miss Kummer's favorite sopranos, who has a prominent part in all school cantatas.

Blanche Dallas

"Cheeks like the mountain-pink that grows among the white-headed majesties."

Blanche is, to those who know her, a most amiable and pleasant friend. She is quite well informed on the most fashionable and latest coiffures.



Ralph Davis

"A tower of strength is in an honest man."
Ralph showed that in his work as junior treasurer and business manager of the Annual. "It seems to me like" is his favorite introductory phrase.

Helen Dippel

"How near to good is what is fair."
Helen often obliged Miss Dye by singing for her session room.

Marcia Doan

"Hast so much wit and mirth."
Tried out for the senior play on the promise of a box of candy and was accepted, much to her disgust. Has contributed much to this book.

Audrey Doll

"A heavenly image in the glass appears."
Judging from appearances, she is very fond of the mirrors placed about the halls. Also the source of much envy because of her A+ compositions.

Lela Duke

"If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all."
A winsome lassie with lots of friends. She made a most adorable "leading lady" in the senior play.

Reginald Du Valle

"Light quirks of music, broken and uneven,
Make the soul dance upon a jig to heaven."
Played in the orchestra at the senior prom. Reginald is one of our promising athletes.

Vera Dean

"Her stature comely tall, her gait well graced."
Vera is noted for the latest styles of clothing and newest styles of hair dressing. She spent the first part of this semester in Florida for her health.

Howard Divine

"A nickname is the hardest stone that the devil can throw at a man."
And even "Angel Face" does not fully imply his Divine (ness).

Emily Dodson

"And gladly wolde she lerne, and gladly teche."
An A+ student who delights in helping her friends with their physics and Latin.

Clara Dougherty

"We must laugh before we are happy."
One of those merry girls who is always chattering.

Ruth Dunning

"A happy girl
With step as light as summer air."
Flaxen haired damsel, tall enough, not much for talking. Makes a good luminant for the rainy day halls, with her smile and hair.

Dorothea Eaglesfield

"While I keep my senses I shall prefer nothing to a pleasant friend."
A helper for everybody; a credulous, innocent girl. One of the "Miss Dye" kind.



Ora Elder

"Good sense which only is the gift of heaven."
Ora has made quite a reputation for herself in French and English History.

Harriet Ely

"Greece boasts her Homer, Rome can Vergil claim."
But really we believe a few shares of the latter belong to Harriet Ely. She is known for her fondness for Latin and her flashing smile.

Flossie Enos

"To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue."
Especially slow in words in chemistry, which she thinks is a bore. Has accomplished her high school work so quietly that she is known by only a few with whom she is a favorite.

Genevieve C. Evans

"O natal star, thou producest twins of widely different character."
Genevieve has been handicapped in her high school career by ill health, but nevertheless has made an enviable record.

Josephine Ferris

"A simple child that lightly draws its breath."
Though she looks delicate, she is capable of much hard work. There are few who could fill her place either in the lunch room or rental library.

Jeanette Gawne

"Black brows, they say,
Become some women best."
A brunette, little and full of spirit. Chummed with Ruth Dunning while they were in history. Hails from the Lafayette High School.

Marion Eldredge

"Shall I like a hermit dwell
On a rock or in a cell?"
She pursues her studies quietly and regularly, and is known only by those she has selected as her friends.

Flossie Enlow

"Kindness is wisdom."
If this is true, we have had sufficient proof that Flossie is one of the wisest in the class.

Emily Evans

"Geminos, horoscope, varo Producio genio." [For a translation see the next quotation.]
The bigger of the only pair of twins the senior class can boast of.

Elsie Felt

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low."
We are sorry that Elsie didn't come to us until this year. But already she has found a place in our affections, and would be perfectly happy if it were not for those "horrid zoology bugs."

Rosa B. Fitzhugh

"Still to be neat."
Known for her habitual neatness and quiet ways. Deserves credit for having memorized some eleven hundred lines of poetry one semester.

Hazel Gay

"She's fair whose beauty only makes her gay."
She is a Gay girl, but we aren't quite sure whether or not her fairness and beauty make her gay. She played on a basketball team and starred in Commercial English.



Jean Gibbs

"Content is worth a monarchy, and mischiefs hit the high."

Jean believes that burdening the mind is not right, so she studies and plays as she likes.

Mabel Gipe

"If ladies be but young and fair
They have the gift to know it."

Ties with Nelson Springer on the use of dictionary words.

Jessie Grout

"I have a heart with room for every joy."

Jessie has had the envy of many a senior girl because she takes private lessons of Miss Marthens.

Marjorie Hall

"I would study, I would know, I would admire forever."

Marjorie is a good German student, and a prober for knowledge in other lines, too. She came with her sister from M. T. H. S. last fall.

Helen Hare

"She moves a goddess and she looks a queen."

Is tired of being complimented on her "peaches and cream" complexion. Favorite subjects are music, zoology and horseback riding. Owns a delightful tennis court.

Jeanette Harvey

"Hunt half a day for a forgotten dream."

Spends a good deal of her time thinking up original third page copy for Thursday's Echo and clever stunts for the French Club. Derives some recreation from running her Marmon automobile.

Naomi E. Giffin

"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall."

Conspicuous in glee club and elective chorus on account of her vocal powers. A favorite with Miss Kummer. Another of the sought-after candy-makers.

Lena H. Grisso

"And Arcady one blossom sent
To make our air the sweeter."

Lena hails from Arcadia, along with a list of other stars.

Bernice Hall

"Be merry if you are wise."

An easy, tolerant follower of her more ardent sister, Marjorie. The two make a noble pair.

George L. Harding

"He was a verray parfit gentil knight."

And we shall not tease him any more about seconding motions at junior and senior meetings, because he has done many things better worth mentioning; to-wit, being assistant business manager of this book.

Charlotte Harvey

"If I chance to talk a little while, forgive me."

Author of the famous essay entitled "Being a Scapegoat," a burden which she seems to carry with great ease and cheerfulness.

Josephine Harvey

"Two words a day—a fair accomplishment for a learning student."

Josephine is a jolly, obliging girl, and often amuses her classes by her use of her newly acquired vocabulary.



Annette Hedges

"This nymph nourished two locks,
Which hung behind in equal curls."

A demure little senior who never gets into any trouble other than guarding her precious curls from envious friends.

Thomas A. Hendricks

"His only fault is that he has none."

Our popular, busy, good-humored, capable senior president. "Tommy" is a pet with many of the teachers, besides being widely known and liked among the students.

Bessie Hereth

"A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew."

Is blessed with a country home, which often necessitates staying all night with her friends. Her sweet disposition makes the pleasure mutual.

Mary M. Hereth

"Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty."

Mary certainly worked on the program booth at the senior prom., and has been a ready helper in all class affairs.

Ruth Hobbs

"Silence more musical than any song."

Ruth may be seen with her best friends every day in exactly the same place in the lunch-room.

Louise Hubbard

"I'll keep the little rascals down at sums."

Louise used to pester the life out of Mr. Woodhams concerning the requirements of the Normal School. One of the "trusties" in history reference.

Henry Hendricks

"Let us do or die."

It has been Henry's business "to do or die" on the horizontal bars in the gym. One of Mr. Allen's athletic sharks, and a fine ball player.

Estella Hendrix

"My heart is ever at your service."

A kind, sympathetic maiden, always willing to be a friend in need or at any other time. A good student and an ardent worker on Tuesday's Echo, and on the Annual staff.

Helen Hereth

"Beware of her fair hair, for she excels
All women in the magic of her locks."

Mary's younger sister and Bessie's cousin. She came from New York and expects to return next year to Columbia University.

Marvel Hines

"A pleasing countenance is no slight advantage."

She isn't an A+ student, but she's a student worth while. The only girl in the fifth hour biology lab. class. Marvel is delightfully jolly.

Alma Hoss

"And good luck go with thee."

Alma is a good student in physics, and is very willing to help the other unfortunates.

Louise Hughel

"Silence is the perfectest herald of joy."

Although she doesn't talk much, Louise "expresses" herself in the notable Wednesday Echo and in the orchestra.



Helen L. Ingalls

"Swift as a shadow, short as any dream."

Always finds things to be busy over and to chat about. Is still looking for some tall, kind-hearted person to reach her hat down from the locker every day. An incessant giggler.

Helen Irvine

"The play's the thing."

Made quite a hit in the senior try-out. She is another of those girls who joined us during her last year.

Muriel Jennings

"Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind."

Her erect carriage and dainty lisp are great attractions. A shining light in Vergil, she delights her teacher with her brilliant recitations.

Mary L. Johnston

"My hair by nature grows soft and dark."

Mary graduated at the middle of the year and left us then, but still remembers the "fussing" she did over English V.

John Jordon

"Hail fellow, well met!"

Those who have met him cannot say they have not met a friend.

Arthur Judd

"Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath"—

And what he said was probably, "Shoot it into the basket," for Judd has won an enviable reputation in the basketball league.

Paul Kassebaum

"I would the gods had made thee poetical."

Paul dislikes poetry as much as he likes to buy lunch checks. He is a good all around fellow, and gives his opinions with confidence.

Anson Kellems

"Go on and increase your valor, oh boy!
This is the path to immortality."

He is quiet personified, even to the easy gliding, softly sounding name. He came from the Martinsville school to us.

Robert Kennington

"Ye immortal gods! Where in the world are we?"

Naps occasionally in the class. First cornetist in the orchestra, and as good as a box of monkeys for fun.

Elvira Kerz

"There was a soft and pensive grace,
A cast of thought upon her face."

Not much for noise is this German-descended girl of light hair and darker eyes. Her beauty is her voice.

Bertha F. King

"Bless her heart, she's true blue."

Bertha has made a reputation as a steady, industrious student, and a mighty good friend. She would never be taken for Margaret's sister, however.

Margaret King

"Her hair is of a good color."

Especially noted for her golden locks and her skill in mathematics. Seldom seen far from Beatrice Seldomridge.



Gustav Klippel

"Graced with polished manners and fine sense."
Is said to have acquired the former by seeing many theatrical performances. Spends all of his time in history reference, however, thinking of devices by which to plague Miss Allen.

Hazel Kramer

"She does nothing but eat and laugh and play."
Never enjoys herself as much as when occupied with a box of fudge or a sack of marsh mallows. Hazel is one of our "star" orchestra players.

Edith K. Lauer

"Her smile goeth the livelong day."
Edith always smiles, no matter when nor where.

Irene Lewis

"Maiden with the meek brown eyes."
A shy, pretty maiden and a favorite among all her friends.

Ruth Lockwood

"And mistress of herself though China fall."
Ruth, alias "Locky," is an all around girl who can sail a boat in summer as well as study her lessons in winter, and is as popular as she is pretty. A member of the Annual staff.

Marie Love

"Has ready compliments supplied on all occasions, cut and dried."
Marie is a persistent flatterer! Also a senior actress.

Isadore Kohn

"With lokkes crulle as they were leyd in presse."
A lively young fellow whose good looks and dashing manner secured him the leading part in the senior play.

Marion Lacey

"Her lively looks a sprightly mind discloses."
Marion is an art metal enthusiast. Also has a part in the senior play.

Helen Lewis

"Not gibbing, gadding, gaudy, and her faculties were many."
A quiet, demure senior, who deserves much praise because of her beautiful art metal work. Is distinguished from Irene L. by her golden hair.

Katherine Lindley

"Earth sounds my wisdom and high heaven my fame."
One of Mr. Taylor's "trusties" in Vergil, who delights in doing odd jobs for him. Our illustrious vice-president, whose picture was in the "Star." Popular with the masculine gender in particular.

Elma Logsdon

"Make me a trifle taller! Never!"
Elma talks of a course in Domestic Science at Bloomington. We wish her success in cooking from the depths of our boyish nature.

Wealthy M. Luse

"Red as a rose is she."
May be recognized by her pretty red hair and great starring ability in chemistry. Used to be "an out-of-town guest," but has taken firm root in our school now.



Flossie McCabe

"Not much talk—a great sweet silence."

She seems to lead a very quiet life, as she is rarely seen in the company of her friends.

Elna McKamey

"Her eyes—bright, and as black and burning as coal."

Elna came to us only this year. Is a quiet girl, but well liked by those who know her.

Mary McMurray

"As merry as the day is long."

You would not think so to see her tripping demurely down the hall. She's very quiet, but nevertheless a very popular member of the class.

Abbie Manville

"Oh Romeo, Romeo! where is my Romeo?"

Her black curly hair and her eyes give her a claim to popularity. Since the first term this year, she has been in Terre Haute.

Iola Martin

"Those dark eyes, so dark and deep."

A pretty little girl, but very meek and mild. Also in the senior play.

Eva Matthews

"Thus do we reach the stars."

By impassioned oratory in the Senate and in some other loquacious bodies, Eva shines. A fair student besides.

Pauline McCaslin

"In lisping accents list to me speak, 'tis but my nature."

Pauline usually knows what she's talking about in a recitation if any one does. She's a sour looking girl sometimes, but—

Mary C. McKee

"The little maiden walked demure, pacing with downward eyelids pure."

Mary, don't be noisy. We'll have to send you to live with Edith Roberts awhile and let you learn to be quiet.

Esther McNaull

"She is pretty to walk with
Witty to talk with
And pleasant, too, to think on."

Prides herself on the fact that the school has not found out how well she plays the piano, so that she has been able to avoid entertaining us. Gives most enjoyable birthday parties.

Ruth Marson

"And still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all she knew."

A very "bright" individual, who enjoys presiding over classes during the teachers' absence.

Robert Masters

"Hang sorrow! care'll kill a cat."

Nevertheless he usually has his lessons. A jolly sort of a boy who wins a smile from his teachers and then causes a hubbub among the pupils. A former ink slinger on Thursday's Echo.

Vivian H. Maxfield

"A goodly sight to see."

Gives her hearty support to those she believes in and will even listen to their junior essays for them. Is quite dexterous with a typewriter.



Edith M. Miller

"And well she can persuade."

As all her fellow sufferers in English can agree. Edith is a hard worker and a "mighty" attractive little girl.

Grace Montgomery

"Grace me no grace."

A meteor from out of town, who since she came has never ceased to shine. She shone not only mentally but physically, too, in her bright red dress during the winter.

Margaret Montgomery

"Up! Up! my friend, and quit your books."

Margaret needs this bit of advice for she has been burning the midnight oil steadily for the last four years.

Herschell Morrison

"He had a head to contrive, a tongue to persuade, and a hand to execute any mischief."

Herschell has made a splendid reputation in basketball as well as in German and French.

Floyd Mullendore

"Make me sprightly, that I may promptly reach my destination."

A striking name traced to its owner leads us to a big fun-making boy.

Helen Myers

"To flunk is human
To pass—divine."

Helen is never out of the company of Audrey, the two making a pair of English "stars."

Clara E. Nelson

"I am nothing if not critical."

One of the most notorious "slammers" in school, although she has never had an opportunity to let the public enjoy her "hits" through the Echo. Refused to do work on the Annual because of her numerous social engagements.

Harold O'Brien

"Answer me in one word."

Harold is so long winded when he gets started that he doesn't let anybody else talk, but it takes an explosion to get him started. Many people think he is a quiet fellow, but—

Jessie Orff

"To be strong is to be happy."

Jessie's strength in physiology certainly ought to be a source of happiness. She came to us from Fort Wayne, only this year.

Joseph Ostrander

"'Twas the saying of an ancient sage that humor is the only test of gravity and gravity of humor."

Wrote up the auditorium exercises for Thursday's Echo until it wore him out. His gravity is apparent only to those who are not acquainted with him.

Robert Ostroff

"Comparisons are odious."

Ergo, let's not compare Robert with any other "star." He, like Lewis Pierce and various other members of the physiology class, intends to be a doctor.

Alice Paskins

"Dark eyes are dearer far
than those that mock the
hyacinthine bell."

A quiet, popular girl, noted for her big, brown eyes.



Gertrude Pettijohn

"Make me a child again."
Is still said by some to be the smallest girl in school. She is remarkable for her baby voice and her fancy dancing.

Howard Phelps

"Brilliance, where is thy sting?"
Howard is brilliancy personified in Vergil, as well as a cracker-jack basketball player. Is a major leaguer in baseball, too.

Lewis Pierce

"When I beheld him I sighed and said within myself, surely mortal man is a broom stick."
The "longest" senior of the bunch. Says he will be a doctor some day. Doomed humanity!

Freda M. Popp

"And sweet girl-graduates in their golden hair."
And Freda's is certainly golden hair. A meek little girl with an important younger brother.

Marion Porter

"A lady, whose bright eyes rain influence."
Marion has a nice smile, a charming giggle, and a pretty little curl. The coy stenographer in the senior play.

Lloyd Potter

"Wake up! 'tis morn! the cock crows."
Lloyd gives the impression of having arisen at 8:15 and lost a good half-hour's needed sleep. Quite a baseball player.

Lauralee Quinlan

"I am sure care's an enemy to life."
A pretty, gay little senior who has lots of fun in spite of lessons and grinds. Also one of the "newsboys" in the play.

Helen Remington

"I'm a giggler of giggles,
All's funny to me."
If you would see Helen, look out for a girl with Lenore Winter. See that she's slim and quiet, except for the giggle.

Julia Reyer

"Here comes the herald of a noisy world."
Undoubtedly the meekest little senior in the class! Likes cats as much as she hates Greek History.

Helen Richart

"What I will, I will and that's an end."
Helen has caused talk around school on account of her brilliant tennis playing.

Ruth Ritchie

"How much lies in laughter!"
Ruth seems to appreciate this fact for she and Ruth Sulgrove may be seen constantly giggling over something.

Edith A. Roberts

"The applause of listening senates to command."
Scares freshmen and Miss Donnan to death, and makes Mr. Otto quiver in his boots. Runs the senate—sometimes. A healthy girl who thinks all sorts of big thoughts and theories.



Paul W. Rous

"The ladies call him sweet."
Paul is popular with every one, and he deserves to be. He worked hard as our junior president and also as chairman of the decoration committee for the prom. Has a streak of good common-sense about him also.

Edna J. Schnull

"A little learning is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring."
Edna has succeeded in getting A+'s without becoming a hermit. Loves to dance and write poetry. Much of the latter is found in this book. Is also a valuable member of the Annual staff and senior play.

Selma Scott

"Though pleased to see the dolphins play
I mind my compass and my way."
This slender maiden loves to watch the world go round, and so she is never in trouble. Sciences tend to have a soporific effect on her.

Beatrice Seldomridge

"Be to her virtues very kind
Be to her faults a little blind."
Still she hasn't so very many faults. She was one of the "live wires" in Miss Dye's pageant, and is filling the dignified position of third hour librarian in the history reference room.

Edith A. Skinner

"There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lips,
Nay her foot speaks."
Editor, orator, suffragette. Man trembles to hear her speak in the Senate, but in informal chat she's a pliant, helpless, quiet little creature.

Virginia Kenny Smith

"What's in a name?"
With Virginia it's "what's not in a name?" She insists upon the "Kenny" no matter what may be the circumstances. Has kept her friends laughing ever since she entered school, and capped the climax of her reputation as a wit in the senior play, where she took the part of Old Aunt.

Harry A. Schlotzhauer

"I cannot tell what the dickens his name is."
He is a popular member of many school associations and only regrets that he and Nicholson Eastman cannot graduate together.

Jennie Sciscoe

"Doing nothing with a deal of skill."
A jolly, good-hearted girl with a streak of persistency about her.

Flora Secttor

"Another yet the same."
Flora, like so many of our friends, seems to try to hide away in order not to be noticed by Echo or Annual editors.

Elma Sharper

"Why do I blush, I say, pray tell me why?"
Elma might let those brown eyes and waved red-like hair supply the color instead. Her self confidence should match her size.

Roy Smith

"O bed! O bed! delicious bed!
That heaven upon earth to the weary head!"
One could never guess from his childish countenance that he was a senior. Made his reputation by going to sleep in history reference.

Hazel Snepp

"The eyes are charmed by paintings, the ears by music."
A neat little girl, known best as our Art Editor. She plays the organ and sings, and loves to take tramps. Quiet, but doesn't like to be called "demure."



Katharine Snodgrass

"Wit and humor belong to genius alone."

This important young lady is president of the French Club, a member of the Annual staff, secretary of the senior class, and an "honor" student. Indeed, we could not get along without her.

George C. Spiegel

"Such beauty ne'er was seen."

Popular with the girls, lazy and good-natured, he nevertheless seems to have succeeded in extracting the hard cash from the seniors in his office of treasurer.

Justine Stubbs

"Thy raven locks."

Makes quite a "hit" with the masculine gender. Along with Juanita Carter, Justine came to us from Tudor and has never regretted the deed.

Marie Sullivan

"Oh where and oh where
Has my pretty muff walked off?"

All year Marie has bemoaned the loss of a stolen muff because it "went" so well with her brown Peter Thompson suit. Otherwise she has been very quiet.

Hazel Thayer

"And her modest manner and graceful air,
Show her wise and good as she is fair."

A little girl with a decidedly cute little half-smothered smile. Assistant art editor and a great frequenter of the art and pottery rooms.

Helen Thornton

"A pleasing countenance is a silent commendation."

A girl with plenty of friends, who herself is so friendly to Shortridge boys and girls she found the N. Y. schools last winter "simply horrid."

Ruby M. Snyder

"If she will she will, and you may depend on't
And if she won't she won't, and there's an end on't."

Ruby is trying to reform though. A precisely speaking maiden and an adorer of her mathematics teacher.

Nelson J. Springer

"He draws the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument."

A famous debater and a worthy senator. However, one of his hugest "verbosities" caused an affection of the cheek commonly known as mumps!

Ruth B. Sulgrove

"Is there no royal road to Geometry?"

Ruth has always been very good in "slinging" English orally, and besides this accomplishment, has the faculty of fixing up her curly locks in a hundred different ways. But mathematics—!

H. Noble Taylor

"Not to know me argues yourself unknown."

In his own opinion anyway. But ah! how cruelly he treats those unfortunates who know him—uses them merely as space fillers in those marvelous Wednesday Echoes. A French monsieur and a senator of great weight.

Mary M. Thompson

"Such meekness!"

Mary is the quietest little body in school. Always industrious and kind.

Helen E. Tipton

"Too soon dejected and too soon elate."

Helen is either up in the clouds or down in the dumps. Quite noted for her artistic ability for which she got A+ in drawing.



Joseph W. Toole

"My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure."

Joe wields the bat and thrusts some hot ones from the pitcher's box. Isn't famous as a student.

Clarence H. Toon

"I am Sir Oracle, and when I ope my lips,
Let no dog bark."

Clarence is a regular weather prophet sometimes. Known in Irvington as a first-class "typo."

Mary Trusler

"A bright particular star."

Made herself famous by taking several Latin courses at once and keeping a good grade in each. A warbler in the Elective Chorus.

Mary C. Turner

"Not without art, yet to nature true."

The artist who won the honor of designing the rest-room decorations. Mrs. Pickering in the senior play.

Helen L. VanCamp

"Music is well said to be the speech of angels."

If this is true, surely Helen is an angel. One of our most accomplished pianists.

Edith R. Vernon

"Hence, vain deluding joys."

And she certainly does not yield to them until she has her lessons perfectly. Cannot find subjects in school hard enough to suit her.

Bernice Voschell

"I wish some one would show me how 'tis done."

Small, sweet, light-haired and quiet. A star in physics and a student of art must make an odd mixture.

Martha J. Washburn

"Thy voice is a celestial melody."

Another one of our delightful singers. Once upon a time a "gym" star.

Luella Wells

"I am a soldier; and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness."

A jolly, care-free person who has spent a great deal of time in the Philippines.

Iris Williamson

"What sweet delight a quiet life affords."

She is seldom seen without the company of Ethel Jackson. Is an industrious commercial student, and a shorthand "star."

Helen Wilson

"I admire great genius,
I would that some were mine."

Helen is just an average student, but she enjoys listening to the recitation of the "stars" of her classes.

Marguerite Wilson

"Why an ambition? I like my present state."

This girl likes Shortridge so well she dreads the parting day. It is said she plays sweet music on the piano.



Mary L. Wilson

"My feet are frisky, light, and airy, and likewise am I."

Mary appears occasionally before us on Auditorium days in pageants or where there's dancing and skipping. Her jaunty smile matches her catching red hair.

Russell Wilson

"Laugh and be fat, sir."

"Jumbo" has gained a great reputation as a cartoonist and an athlete, particularly in the standing broad grin.

Ruby M. Winders

"I wander into realms of sweetest tones."

Ruby is so quiet, good-natured, sweet-voiced, and tall that we thought she had no faults until we learned she doesn't like to study. Even that may be a virtue with her.

Lenore L. Winter

"Where the bee sucks there suck I:
In the cowslip's bell I lie."

A lofty thinking, sentimental young lady is Lenore. She is round faced, and "lowly" built. A senator and a member of the John Quincy Adams Club.

THE SENIOR PROM.

January 27 the old Shortridge Gym. bespoke a spirit of festivity. It was the night of the Senior Prom. Masses of yellow and white on wall, on booths, and festooned all over the great "giant swing," expressed the Senior spirit.

The company began to arrive early. All sorts of beautiful evening gowns enhanced the charms of the Shortridge maidens, and the knighthood of the Shortridge boys shone forth in faultless attire and careful grooming. Dainty hand-colored programs, breathing a spirit of the South with their illustrations of Colonial dames, were filled out with all the heart-throbs that attend such "Cupidean" ceremonies.

The call of the deep-voiced drum soon put in a claim, and when Katherine Lindley and Verner Ray lead off, the dance was on. From balcony and wall-spaces a goodly number of mothers and fathers, teachers and friends watched the whirling floor. Now to the slow pulsation of the graceful waltz and then to the beating two-step the young ones danced. The candy and punch booths drew them in crowds at the intermissions. It was a night for the Seniors to enjoy themselves.

Mr. and Mrs. Buck graced the function with their company, and the class censor was there, so young and boyish-looking that he was mistaken for one of the Seniors. The time passed merrily; and when the moonlight dance indicated the last number of the night, all lights were turned out and a great yellow moon in the center of the Gym. beamed down on the farewell "steps" of the occasion. Thus it ended, a social success; and the last item of achievement was assured when the business managers found the profits of the night equally gratifying.

Senior Play

It was the consensus of opinion of the members of the Play Committee, at its initial meeting, that the class of '11 should stage a drama that was light and that involved a large cast of characters. With these ends in mind, the committee settled upon George Ade's "Just Out of College," a roaring comedy involving some fifty persons, half of whom have speaking parts.

That the class approved the work of the committee was manifest at the try-out March 6, when seventy candidates appeared in the Study Hall and spouted Thespian eloquence, varying in character from the profundity of Hamlet's soliloquy to the accidental apropos-ness of "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star." The responsibility of selecting the actors for the respective parts rested upon the shoulders of Coach S. I. Conner, and the judiciousness of his choice was revealed to the school and public two months later.

On Friday night, May 26, and Saturday, May 27, Mr. Conner "piped all hands on deck"; and straightway there appeared on the boards that peculiarly George-Ade-ian assemblage of characters, each impersonating to the audience a value-received laugh. Walking Delegate, Old Aunt, Professor, Train-Caller, Stenographer, Swinger, the Pickerings, Bingo girls—all swooped down and tickled the humor-loving palate of the school and its patrons, and incidentally charmed open the purse pocket of the outside public long enough for the senior treasurer to extract a substantial return for the efforts of the players.

Thus another Shortridge play has gone down into history as a success. That this is so is due, first, to Mr. Conner, and the Play Committee, made up of Rex Boyd, Lela Duke, Helen Hare, and Helen Van Camp; and last, to those whose names and parts we write below.

THE PLAYERS AND THEIR PARTS.

Boys.

Edward Worthington Swinger	Isadore Kohn
Septimus Pickering	Paul Rous
Prof. H. Dalrymple Bliss	Nelson Springer
"Slivers" Mason	Paul Kassebaum
Percy Lindsay	Victor Pinnell
Tom Catlin	George Spiegel
Harvey Rogers	Harry McNeely
Rufus	Noble Taylor

Senior Play

Ernest Bradford Robert Masters
A Collector of Souvenirs Rex Boyd
Ticket Agent Leonard Bedell
A Solicitor of Insurance Thomas Hendricks
Train Caller Robert Kennington
A Delegate from the Union John Jordan

Girls.

Caroline Pickering Lela Duke
Bernice McCormick Marion Porter
N. W. Jones Edith Skinner
Aunt Julia Swinger Virginia Smith
Genevieve Chizzle Lola Conner
Luella Jenkins Pickering Mary Turner
News Stand Girls Beatrice Seldomridge, Lauralee Quinlan, Helen L. Van Camp, Gertrude Pettijohn
Lonesome Lady Travelers Edna Schnull, Katherine Lindley
Busy Lady Travelers Kathleen Bassett, Pauline McCaslin

Choruses.

Helen Van Camp	Julia Reyer	Naomi Giffin
Gertrude Pettijohn	Mary Wilson	Pauline McCaslin
Annette Hedges	Beatrice Seldomridge	Marie Batty
Grace Montgomery	Lenore Winter	Justine Stubbs
Beatrice Bowyer	Edith Miller	Helen Irvine
Esther McNaull	Marjorie Hall	Charlotte Harvey
Helen Wilson	Bernice Hall	Marion Lacey
Lauralee Quinlan	Lucile Carter	Ruth Arbaugh
Iola Martin	Marie Love	Hazel Gay




SENIOR PLAY


PART THREE

Boys' Basket Ball

The basketball season of 1910-11 started on November 3, when teams were chosen by Captains Carll of the Grays, Schlotzhauer of the Blues, Wilson of the Whites, and Toole of the Reds. At the end of the season, during which there had been many exciting games and much fast playing, the Blues were declared pennant winners, having lost only three of the sixteen games played. The Grays were second, with the Whites and Reds following in the order named. The Blues lined up as follows: Forwards, Schlotzhauer (Capt.), Davis; center, Phelps; guards, Mantel and Jarvis.

Throughout the season all the teams were constantly fighting for every point, with the result that there were many very close games. In spite of this fact the Blues went through the season of sixteen games with only two real defeats, both at the hands of the Whites, by scores of 14-10 and 18-6.

During the season some of the teams were able to develop some very fine team work, that of the Blues and the Whites being especially noteworthy. The individual positions likewise deserve mention. Among the forwards, Ray, Moore, Barr, Davis, Quigley, and Benham showed best. Morrison of the Grays easily led the centers. Of the guards, Mantell, Jarvis, Toole, Keenaugh, and Sayer were best. Morrison led the league in the number of points scored, having a total of 186 during the season. Barr was second, with 144.

After the regular season twelve players were picked, and from these, teams were chosen to play in the post-season championship series. Morrison was captain of the Blues and Burns of the Grays. The Grays lined up as follows: Barr and Ray, forwards; Burns, center; Quigley, Toole, and Benham, guards. The Blues played in the following positions: Moore, Davis, and Judd, forwards; Morrison, center; Phelps and Jarvis, guards.

The first game was won by the Grays through the sensational work of Verner Ray. Captain Morrison was the best for the Blues. In the second game the Grays were defeated, thus making a third game necessary to decide. In this game Ray again struck his stride and literally showered the basket with goals, winning the series for the Grays.

After the close of the season the Athletic Board awarded the "S" to the following players: Morrison, Barr, Davis, and Phelps. These fellows have the honor of wearing the first initials to be awarded for basketball. The names of Ray and Burns were also considered, but were dropped because they had not played in enough regular league games.



Baseball

In the spring of 1908 Shortridge abandoned inter-scholastic and inaugurated intra-scholastic baseball. Each succeeding year the Athletic Board of Control has chosen four managers, who in turn have selected their captains, and these, their men.

Last season, when enthusiasm was running high among the boys, Messrs. Livengood, Otto, Mueller, and Weyant, having been duly elected by the Board, chose Spangler, Wilson, Trook, and Murray to captain their respective teams. The season was most successful and, when the curtain fell upon the 1910 Baseball League, it marked the climax of that year's athletics.

This year the Athletic Board chose Messrs. Dirks as manager of the Whites, Pieper of the Blues, Mueller of the Grays, and Blair of the Reds. The captains selected by these managers are McNeely, Quigley, Toole, and Burns, respectively. At the baseball mass meeting eighty-two fellows reported. From these, four strong and evenly matched teams were made up. Among the mainstays chosen by the captains are Mowrer, Barr, and Buschman on the Whites; Carll, Phelps, and Ward on the Blues; Hendricks, Wilson, and Jarvis on the Grays; and Keenaugh, Hadley, and Sayers on the Reds. With such men as these on the opposing teams, there need be no fear of Shortridge disgracing the national game.

The managers arranged twenty-four games for the season of 1911. These games are played at Fairview Park and at the Shortridge Athletic Field, both good grounds even if inconvenient to arrive at from the school.

The games this year were scheduled to begin April 12, but the Weather Man had not been taken into consideration. He had planned wet weather for April, which caused the first few contests to be postponed. The rain proved to be only April showers, however, and the delay merely whetted the enthusiasm of the boys. The postponed games were played early, and the regularly scheduled contest is now in progress.

It is the custom in Shortridge to have a grand ball-battle between the seniors and the faculty at the end of each season. Last year the game was an overwhelming success (for the seniors), but unluckily the score could not be kept. The scorekeeper gave up in despair at the end of the fourth inning. The game will again be played on the Irwin Field as the grand finale of what promises to be the most successful ball season in Shortridge.



THE CROSS COUNTRY AND TENNIS CLUBS.

The 1910 cross-country season proved to be more successful than any other in the history of the organization, both in attendance and the regularity and number of runs. The greatest membership at one time was twenty-two, and the total number of runs fifteen. Both of these great records are due as much to the able coaching of Mr. Moore, and to the "boosting" of the club by its president, Sam Mantel, as to the fellows themselves. When the last run of December 2 came, there were left to fight for the three places Mantel, Jones, Scribner, Grindle, Cook, and Cox; and the three who took places, Cox, Jones, and Mantel, finished in the order named. Thus it was that the "S" awarded to this branch of athletics fell to Harris Cox.

The Tennis Club was organized early in the fall by Shortridge lovers of the racquet. With such players as Block, Barr, Jarvis, Lewis, Kohn, Ray, Ogle, Payne, Schlotzhauer, Lockridge, Wilson, Hendricks, and Pinnell on the courts, a gentleman's battle royal was soon apparent. Goodly crowds gathered on the Winona Tech. bleachers to see the contenders gradually eliminated. In the finals in doubles Payne and Nordyke won over the Pinnell-Jarvis combination. In the finals in singles T. Hendricks defeated Pinnell three sets to one. The three winners were awarded the "S." Hereafter the season will consist of a spring-and-fall tournament, the winners to be given the school letter at the close of the fall season.



At the time of the indoor meet last spring, prospects for a good team were first rate. At this meet Spangler broke a Shortridge record by putting the shot 40 feet, 8 inches. In view of his excellent work, he was chosen captain of the squad to represent Shortridge in the State meet. Mr. Moore, who succeeded Mr. Woodhams as coach of track athletics, selected Hasselman, Linton, Noble, White, Coburn, Ogle, Wilson, and Mantel as Captain Spangler's team-mates. At this meet, held at Wabash College, May 1, Shortridge saw her chances gradually dwindle away into nothing; and although the team failed to score a single point, an incident happened which reflected more honor on the school than broken records could have done.

Hasselman, who had finished fourth the year before, was our only runner in the mile. He was in prime condition and the school pinned its hope of scoring on him. At the start of the race there was an accidental mix-up. Several fellows tripped and fell. Newlin, a M. T. H. S. rival, and holder of the mile record, would have been in the melee had not Hasselman stopped long enough to help him regain his footing. Of course, this lost Jimmy his lead in the race, but he had helped Newlin take fourth place. The chivalry of Shortridge was never more beautifully demonstrated than here.

This year Hal White captains the team at Terre Haute. In anticipation of the contest, Coach Moore promises the track and field fans a great treat on Irwin Field, May 13, when a novel method will be tried for the big annual Shortridge meet. This is a dual contest between the seniors and juniors, whose captains, Morrison for the seniors, and Mantel for the juniors, have chosen all the underclassmen wishing to compete; this should insure an all-Shortridge rather than an inter-class meet. There are to be nineteen events, and since the entries are regulated partly by age and partly by weight, no one has undue advantage.

As indicated by the records made in the minor tryout meet, prospects for the Shortridge track and field men are bright above the average. The time of several events beats that of last year by a considerable margin. Moreover, many of the "stars" of last year's team are with us still, and enthusiasm among the fellows runs high.

That conditions are so is due primarily to Mr. Moore. He it is to whom first honor must be paid; first, for his untiring work with the boys, and second, for the gentlemanly notion of sports he is daily inculcating.





GIRLS BASKETBALL

After several practice games, in which the girls tried out for the various positions, four basketball teams were chosen, captained by Dorothy Vestal, Ada Crozier, Marie Winn, and Corilla McCormick; named the Invincibles, Tigers, Winners, and McCormicks, respectively, all under Miss Hosmer's guidance.

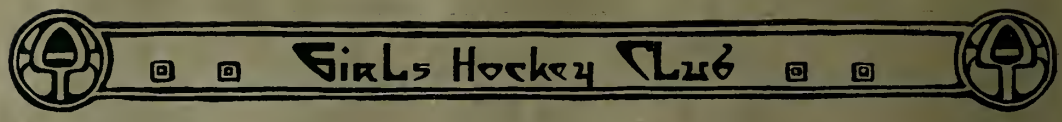
The rivalry between the Tigers and Invincibles was especially keen. Out of twelve official games, including the two exhibition contests, each team won six. But the Invincibles had a total of 123 points to 109 for the Tigers, so they are the real champions. The line-ups of these two first teams were as follows:

Invincibles.		Tigers.
M. Southwick	forwards	F. Storms
D. Vestal	forwards	H. Gay
J. Hanna	centers	C. Moore
A. Tolliver	side-centers	N. Thomas
B. House	guards	C. Vincent
C. Wilson	guards	A. Crozier

Every member of these teams played good ball, but Clara Wilson, Clara Moore, Nora Thomas, and Dorothy Vestal are worthy of particular notice. It remains for the Athletic Board to select four of these as winners of the official Old English "S."

In the second teams many good players were found. In another year's time they can become players on another team with rank equal to that of the Tigers and Invincibles. Marie Winn, especially, is worthy of a first team place.





The second year of hockey started with a large number of players, for previous seasons had proved the game one of good, wholesome, out-door pleasure. Ada Crozier and Nora Thomas were chosen captains. The line-ups were too irregular to be given.

Games were played every afternoon until the warm weather prohibited the rather strenuous exercise. Hockey playing necessitates running over much ground for all players excepting the goal-tenders. Thus ideal hockey weather is the typical May day.

Probably the girls who profited most under Miss Hosmer's teaching are Nora Thomas, Clara Wilson, Corilla McCormick, Beulah House, and Ada Crozier. These girls would form the nucleus of a team not to be beaten by many of the college hockey squads.

This spring the new game will surely be a success, for there are enough of the old girls playing to arouse enthusiasm among the rest of the school.

The Park Board is to be congratulated upon having donated such a great source of enjoyment to the Shortridge girls.

GIRLS TENNIS

Early last fall, following the good example set by the boys, the girls organized a tennis club. Games were played at the various parks for two or three weeks; then a tournament was proposed.

About twenty racquet enthusiasts entered this contest. With Miss Hosmer as referee, the matches were played off until Helen Richart and Dorothy Vestal were the sole survivors. In a very close, exciting set at the Technical courts, Dorothy Vestal won over her rival, and thus became the champion of the season, and the candidate for the official Old English "S."

After the match games, tennis was given over until this spring, when, following the hockey season, it will be resumed.

As in all other branches of girls' athletics, nothing of consequence could have been accomplished without Miss Hosmer's generous help.





THE SHORTRIDGE DAILY ECHO

The hard work of the subscription agents, aided by a slightly enlarged paper and some new type, has increased the subscription list so that the thirteenth year of the Echo's existence has been one of its most successful. The banner for loyalty to the Echo went to Room 11, whose agent is George Harding.

Monday's edition, under the editorship of Edith Skinner, has throughout the year consistently brought forward the week-end news. Tuesday's paper, which is edited by Nicholson Eastman, has been distinguished by the tone of its editorials. Wednesday, with Noble Taylor, of "scoop" fame, as editor, has made itself a reputation as general critic of personalities. Thursday started under the leadership of Thomas Hendricks, whose place was ably filled by Philip Lewis when the former was forced to retire on account of lack of time. Friday has presented an edition of uniform excellence and accuracy under the direction of William Daugherty. The censors for this year were: Monday, Miss Donnan; Tuesday, Mr. Livengood; Wednesday, Mr. Otto; Thursday, Mrs. Carey; Friday, Mr. Forsyth.

There have been several special editions during the year. The Yellow Echo, a satire on the tendency of modern journals to ignore accuracy, was issued by the Tuesday staff. The Lincoln souvenir edition, issued on Thursday, under the direction of Philip Lewis, contained important facts, speeches, and an engraving of the great Emancipator. The Christmas Echo, issued by the whole staff, gave a resume of school life up to that time, and contained photographs of important persons and clubs in the school.



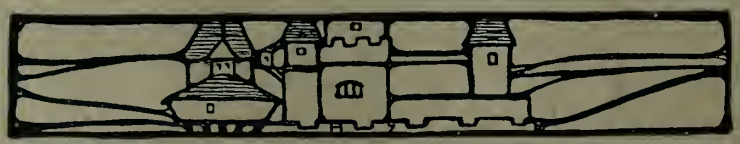
Senate

This year has been one of the most promising in the history of the Senate. The first session began under the presidency of Senator Frye (Edith Skinner), who was followed by Senators Overman (Lenore Winter), Tillman (Lloyd Mellett), and Stone (Lewis Pierce), respectively.

Bills on the following subjects have been introduced this year: Restriction of Immigration, by Senators Blair (Barnett Breedlove) and Frye; Election of Senators by Direct Vote, by Senator Newlands (Edith Roberts); Prohibition of Vivisection, by Senator Dolliver (John Henderson); Limitation of Corporation Bonds, by Senator Bailey (Claire Kimber); Income Tax, by Senator Page (Harmon Bross); Pension for Union Soldiers, by Senator Blair; Prohibition of Sale of Cigarettes, by Senator Bulkley (Myron Hughel); Woman Suffrage, by Senators Blair and Frye. Bills still on the calendar are: Income Tax, by Senator Dolliver; Liquor Prohibition, by Senator Wetmore (Hobart Boyd); and Government Ownership, by Senator Clark (Reid Kenyon). Others active on the floor of the Senate are Senators Burnham (Austin Clifford), Thornton (Constance Bross), Chamberlain (Sam Mantel), Chilton (Nelson Springer), and Spooner (William Cohn).

A prize, a five-dollar check given by Mrs. Catherine Warren, was presented this year to Edith Skinner, the winner in a contest concerning woman suffrage. Those competing were Vivian Sowers, Mary Walters, Myron Hughel, Lenore Winter, Nelson Springer, and Edith Skinner. An ex-Senator, who wishes his name unannounced, has offered a prize of five dollars to be given this June to the best extemporaneous speaker. At the close of every school year a contest open to all Senators is held. There are four regular Senate years, and hence four classes of competitors. Pins are presented by the sergeant-at-arms to those obtaining first, second, and third places. Each person makes a speech on some bill in the secretary's book, and the judges, who are ex-Senators, decide which Senators have won places. Last June the judges were Miss Fulmer, Mr. Pettijohn, and Mr. Pritchard. Those in the first year of the Senate receiving places were: Elizabeth McMeans, first; Edith Roberts, second; Myron Hughel, third. In the second year: Edith Skinner, first; William Cohn, second; Nelson Springer tied with Vivian Sowers for third place. In the third year: Lela Scott, first; Lenore Winter, second. In the fourth year: Mary Walters, first; Robert Armstrong, second; Eva Matthews, third.

Under the leadership and direction of Miss Laura Donnan, its founder and sergeant-at-arms, the Senate has never lost sight of its primary object—developing its members into good citizens.





THE DEBATING CLASS

The Debating Class, under the direction of Mr. Livengood and Mr. Otto, is concluding a year marked by hard work rather than frequent public performances. The system of open Study Hall debates was adhered to in the fall, with a mid-winter climax before the whole school in Caleb Mills Hall. In this contest, the affirmative, made up of Springer, Edwards, and Jones, defeated the negative, composed of Eastman, Stevenson, and Olds, on the City Commission Government proposition. Up to date no outside debate has been scheduled, although challenges have been issued to the Butler freshmen and to the Shortridge alumni debaters. The acceptance of either means a final battle royal for the Shortridge class.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS DEBATING CLUB

Every other Monday afternoon the members of this club meet with Miss Donnan in Room 37 and hold an impromptu debate. The purpose of the club is to teach its members to practice the conventional forms of debate, to analyze subjects quickly and thoroughly, to construct argument, and to cultivate impromptu expression. All the debates this year have been extemporaneous, and on questions which concern the school life of Shortridge; such as, the abolition of the lunch room, the formation of tennis clubs, and the building of a new track. Among those who have been prominent in this year's work are Barnett Breedlove, Edith Roberts, John Henderson, Helen Brown, Mary Talbert, Margaret Crockett, and Sidney Jones.





THE WIGWAM

The Wigwam, a club composed of two sections of the first year English classes, was organized this term at the suggestion of Mrs. Mikels. The object is to study Indian life, and incidentally to increase the interest in the outside reading in English I. For a basis the club is using Cooper's "The Last of the Mohicans," the strongest parts of which are dramatized. The study of this book is diversified by Indian songs, legends, and stories. The officers of the club are: Gordon Morrison, president, and Annabel Trook, secretary-treasurer.

THE STORY TELLERS CLUB

The Story Tellers' Club is one of our comparatively new organizations, having been founded in January, 1910. It has, however, proved a most enterprising youngster, and has made remarkable progress, for, owing to the good management of Miss O'Hair, the critic, it now occupies the position of the largest club in Shortridge, with a membership of over one hundred. The club meets every two weeks, with the object of making its members familiar with the greatest opera stories, and of aiding them in relating and discussing these stories. This year the club has had more music than before, and more emphasis has been placed on discussion, under the leadership of John Henderson. The officers of the club are: President, Emil Rassman; Secretary, Katherine O'Connor; Treasurer, Robert Brewer.





THE ORCHESTRA.

Probably one of the most successful musical organizations of our school is the Orchestra, which has been carefully carried on under the excellent direction of Mr. Birge. It is always welcomed with enthusiastic applause whenever it appears at our Wednesday exercises, at which time it has favored us with enjoyable music, both classical and popular.

It has undertaken many difficult pieces during the past year, and has so rendered them that it has met with the approval of the whole school, and the public, as well. Among the more classical ones are selections from "Faust" and "Suite From the South."

On account of its popularity with the public, the orchestra has had several outside engagements, the latest being at the Robert Nix Memorial, March 24, at the German House, where it successfully rendered selections from "Faust" and the Spanish waltzes, "Gertana." Combined with the orchestra of Manual Training High School, it also played at Tomlinson Hall before the Christmas holidays.

The concert master this year has been Alfred Troemel. Other faithful first violinists are Hazel Kramer, Miriam Wilson, Gladys Williams, Henrietta Kothe, and Myron Hughel. Among the second violinists are Vivian Ely, Helen Hollingsworth, Henry Holton, and Charles Boyd. Earl Holt assists Robert Kennington with the cornet part. Besides James Hartley and Leonard Bedell, who play clarinet, we also have a trombone player, a drummer and two flute players. The membership of the orchestra is constantly increasing and its outlook for the future is very promising.





ELECTIVE CHORUS

About two years ago a new musical organization was formed, which met faithfully each Tuesday afternoon to "exercise its lungs." These sixty members have furnished us with some real "treats" in the auditorium. The most marked success was Gaul's "Joan of Arc," given in March of 1910.

Although the club suffered the loss of some of its best members by graduation, the work this year has been well done, as the chorus has been fortunate in having a number of good voices. One of their best numbers was the "Miller's Wooing," a rollicking song, given with great spirit. Another beautiful song was the "Christmas Carol," with soprano obligato, which was given at the Christmas exercises. On this occasion the chorus also gave an old English folk song, "The Ivy Green."

The soloists for the year were Beulah Coombs and Robert McClure; and the quartet, which sang at several outside affairs, was composed of Mary Trusler, Naomi E. Giffin, Charles Thomas, and Roger Little.

The work for the year was unusually hard, but the members had many good times, the most enjoyable being Miss Kummer's Christmas party, where they had music, dancing, and refreshments.

Besides this work and her regular classes, Miss Kummer has found time to work patiently with the seniors for their play. Every Tuesday and Friday afternoon for two months the chorus of Bingo Girls and Society Girls worked long and hard at their songs and dances under her excellent supervision.



FRENCH CLUB

Every other Monday afternoon, in Room 15, some twenty chattering Frenchmen may be seen convened. It is the French Club, under the censorship of Miss Philputt. Katharine Snodgrass sits in the chair and listens to the weighty discussions of Jeanette Harvey, Lois Carey, Henley Frier, Mae Petit, Ralph Connor, and some others. Most of them can speak English, but nothing except the native Frenchman's tongue is permitted. Their ultimate aim is to acquire a fluency par excellence in conversational French. French airs and melodies occasionally diversify the programs.

The membership is made up of the students in the Shortridge French department, from French II up to French V, especially those who expect to continue their language work later on in college. Although the French II's have had little experience in speaking and reading French, they have been very helpful in the club, while the more advanced pupils have been a great inspiration to their younger friends.

Pleasant variations of the programs have been the three or four lectures by Miss Philputt on her travels through France and Spain, and one by Clara Nelson on the "divine" Sarah Bernhardt. Then, too, at the holiday time the festival spirit did not miss the club members, and a New Year's tree, from which they showered gifts upon each other, made a very pleasant feature of this meeting. It is the custom of this club to have an open day early in June, to which all the friends of the organization are invited. This year many people have been looking forward to this time, which is the pleasantest of all the year for the club.

Junior Class

The class of 1912 held its first meeting on November 10, 1910, to elect officers for the year. From among several candidates, Robert Nordyke gained the presidency; Mary Southwick was made vice-president; Samuel Mantel, treasurer; and Katharine Jameson, secretary. Early in the year the class chose as its enterprise, the decoration of Room 4. A committee was appointed to have charge of the matter and to discover ways of making money for it. Green and white were chosen for the class colors, the white rose for the flower, and the original couplet—

"One—nine—one—two—
Always looking for something to do,"

was adopted as a motto. In the middle of the year came the resignation of President Nordyke, who was forced to leave school because of ill health. The class accepted his resignation with sincere regret, and elected Thomas Noble to fill his place.

The first event in which the juniors appeared socially before the eye of the public was the annual Junior Prom. At an early meeting the date was set for March 31, 1911, the Friday night before spring vacation. The Decorating Committee, under the chairmanship of Ralph Phelps, worked long and laboriously, pasting tissue paper leaves on bare branches and cutting out the roses which were to make the gymnasium blossom on the eventful night. In the way of advertisement, besides the usual custom of having notices put up in all the rooms, the committee had quite an inspiration. Printed in alluring green type on white tags, which were loyally worn by all the classes, the words "The Prom." attracted attention to the desirability of attending. It was largely due to this manner of advertisement that the financial success was as great as it was. But the other committees, under Ruth Elliott, Philip Lewis, Walter Weidley, and Ada Doolittle, were no less industrious in their particular fields.

On a most unpromising night, the "All-Shortridge Prom." came off with record-breaking success. The halls were so crowded that the outcome was favorably assured from the very first. When the music began it was a case of the "survival of the fittest," because of the hundreds of enthusiastic dancers. The programs, which were artistically designed by Bernice Voshell, were sold out long before the demand for them was filled. The juniors have reason to be proud of their success, because their Prom. was the largest one Shortridge ever had, with an attendance of seven hundred and clearing the unprecedented sum of $252.28. "And so they live happily," as the fairy stories say, in the assurance that they have a liberal amount for the reception to the seniors in June.

Faculty Changes

The growth to higher things finds expression in all progressive spheres, and so it is that in Shortridge we have changes occurring, indicative of the passing from one level to a higher, the outgrowing of one chamber for the occupancy of a larger.

Last year Shortridge bade farewell to a man who had guided her through a spirited career for seven progressive years. Mr. Benton was a leader of boys and girls by virtue of a knightly, courtly nature. He recognized honest, worthy, though sometimes lowly effort, and rewarded it with a confidence that was everything to a boy. In educational circles his commanding, impressive personality ably represented Shortridge and contributed much to her good name. He was a thorough student of educational systems and policies—all to the end that Shortridge might have the best.

In his place Mr. Buck is continuing the work. Mr. Buck has mounted by steady rises from the position of a country school-teacher to his present one. The scholarship of this man, his sterling integrity, and free and simple democracy warrant the success with which he has met. His cautious attention to a problem, the justice of his decision, and the decisiveness with which he adheres to his position, once it is decided upon, is a thing for admiration. A year's presence of such a man among us has won for him a deep loyalty of students and a firm place in Shortridge esteem.

Changes elsewhere in the faculty are numerous. Miss Hamlin is absent from the office and instead Miss McCoy presides at the desk. Mr. Dunn's place is taken by Mr. Davison, and Mr. Baker has given away to Mr. Pieper. Miss Philputt takes Mrs. Scott's place in French and Miss Rawls replaces Mrs. Jackson in the Botany Department. Upon the death of Mr. Nix, Mr. Scherer accepted the supervisorship of German in the public schools, leaving his place to Mr. Dirks. Mrs. Mikels has been in charge of the work left by Miss Dorsey's resignation from the English Department. Mr. Woodhams, Mr. Hart, Miss Hobbs, and Miss Goodykoontz no longer hold forth at Shortridge. Mr. Moore came to us late last year and Miss McKibben and Mr. Blair have just completed their first year as Shortridge pedagogues.

These changes come with the times; they mean much to Shortridge, and to the individuals themselves they are vital shifts. Those who have left us, we here remember again with gratitude and kind wishes for their welfare. Those who are new receive our welcome, and with it a care for their own pleasure at Shortridge, and one for our pleasure in them—that they may prove all that Shortridge expects of them.



Room Decoration

The Drawing II class of '10 has transformed Room 10 to a place of interest and beauty. The walls are tinted with three harmonious shades of warm mellow brown, enlivened by a border of birds in soft green and a beautiful shade of red-orange. One feels that he is almost out of doors, when he enters the room with the birds on the wall and the flowers and ferns in the windows. The work was financed by the members of this session room, each of whom really earned one dollar.

Room 5 has also been decorated. It is a very attractive room, with its tan tint and floral border in delicate shades of brown and green. At the back of the room on a large shelf is the shield of Achilles and a beautiful vase, the figures on which are copied from Donatello. On the side wall hangs a picture of the Coliseum, Forum, and Parthenon. These decorations were purchased with the money made by Miss Dye's English classes, who gave the Pageant of '10.

POTTERY AND ART METAL

Three or four years ago the pottery and art metal work was taken up on a small scale under the direction of Miss Rhoda E. Selleck.

Now, in the basement of the old building, there are two rooms known as the Selridge pottery rooms. These are fitted up with a kiln for firing the pieces, a refrigerator for storing unfinished pieces, and several long tables where the work is done. This work is still under the direction of Miss Selleck, assisted by Miss Stewart. The work is all done by hand. Every piece is fired at least twice; first, a biscuit firing, and afterwards a first and sometimes a second glaze firing. The difficult problem of glaze making has at last been partially mastered by Miss Selleck and Mr. Baker, the latter of whom devised some original formulae while he was assisting in the department. The pottery derives its name from the first part of Miss Selleck's name and the latter part of Shortridge, giving it the interesting name of Selridge pottery.

In 1909 the art metal work was given over to Mr. Wood. He has carried on the work most successfully. Many beautiful pieces of jewelry have been made by the pupils and all have enjoyed the work.

In both of these branches the actual craft work takes up only two days in the week,—the other three days are spent on advanced drawing in room 70. Altogether the work has had unbounded success.

Junior Reception

On June third of last year the juniors, with the aid of Mrs. Carey, the class censor, gave a reception for the seniors at Brenneke Academy. The weather man favored us with an unusually pleasant day, and the good-natured faculty excused both seniors and juniors immediately after assembly that they might don their "glad rags" in honor of the most pretentious affair yet given by the class of 1911.

Promptly at two-thirty the upper classmen and the alumni who were in town, presented their tickets to Mr. Elzea, who was stationed at the door to prevent any bold interloper from entering the forbidden portals.

Mrs. Carey, who had good-naturedly led the class through its many vicissitudes, acted as hostess, and it was to her that the juniors owed much of their social success.

The hall was very artistically decorated with Easter lilies and pink roses, and green and white, and yellow and white banners, bearing the numerals of the two classes.

During the grand march, which was led by Paul Rous, the junior president, and Frances Hill, five hundred dance programs were distributed. They were white, with "Shortridge 1910" in gilt letters upon the cover, and aroused much admiration—in fact those programs almost broke the juniors up.

The punch was served in the balcony by Katharine Snodgrass, Jeanette Harvey, Bessie Hereth, Mary Brewster, and Elizabeth Ray. The day was warm and twenty-five gallons were consumed by the dancers.

During the intermission fourteen gallons of yellow and white brick cream and Nabisco wafers were served in the lower dancing hall. The juniors innovated the idea of having maids in white caps and aprons serve instead of men, because maids are prettier!

After the refreshments Lois Carey, the junior vice-president, in a very gracious little speech, presented Margaret Metzger, the Honor Pupil of 1910, with a basket of pink roses and lilies-of-the-valley, these being the class flowers of the seniors and juniors respectively.

An unusually large number of teachers, parents, and students not caring to dance, watched the dancing from the balcony.

At half-past five the guests bade Mrs. Carey, the hostess, goodbye. We are proud of this latter fact, because it is the first time it has ever been done.

A great deal of consternation was caused at the next junior meeting when it was found that the reception had cost $1.70 more than was in the treasury. As everybody testified to a good time, some one suggested that a collection be taken. And thus the debt was secretly paid, and the class of 1910 still remains in ignorance of the tragedy!





As heretofore, the German Club meetings have been held twice a month. During the first half of the year Mr. Scherer, the sponsor, gave some interesting and profitable talks on German mythology. On the afternoon of December 22 a special Christmas meeting was held, with a program of songs and recitations appropriate to the occasion. A Christmas tree laden with presents and good things to eat was a special feature of this meeting.

At the beginning of January Mr. Scherer was promoted to the supervisorship of German in the public schools, and Mr. Dirks, his successor, became sponsor for the club. Mr. Dirks has devoted himself thus far mainly towards getting acquainted with the members of the club and the work done in the past. Two interesting meetings, however, have been held under his direction. The first of these consisted of instrumental music from German composers, vocal solos, recitations, and a short play. This play, one of the first if its kind ever given in Shortridge, was very well done, the characters speaking the language with a fluency and a feeling that surprised the audience. At the second meeting a program of German songs, instrumental and vocal music, German stories and recitations was given; this was likewise well received. Plans have already been made to make next year one of the best in the club's history.

THE SPANISH CLUB

Though perhaps the smallest organization in the school, the Spanish Club has met regularly once each week throughout the year. Under the direction of Mr. Mueller, considerable progress has been made in getting acquainted with the Castilian tongue by means of conversations based on Worman's First Book in Spanish. Two newspapers, El Imparcial, published in the City of Mexico, and El Correo Mexicano, of San Antonio, were furnished by Senorita Caldwell, who also contributed much idiomatic Spanish to the club's vocabulary.

The active members this year were Paul Harlan, Harriet Ely, Pauline McCaslin, Ruth West, and Ruth Cunningham.





THE PHYSIOGRAPHY CLUB

In the spring of 1908 the members of the Physiography classes organized a tramping club, to be under the guidance of their instructor, Miss Ross. There was a two-fold object in view—to apply the work of the class hour to the country close at hand, and to look into the relation of the commercial and industrial interest to physiographic problems. This club has just passed through one of the most successful of its seven terms.

Meetings have been held on Friday, an indoor meeting and a tramp alternating. Tramps have been taken along Pleasant Run, Irvington; Williams Creek, north of Broad Ripple; and the always enjoyable and instructive tow-path from Riverside to Fairview, Crows' Nest, and Broad Ripple. The Weather Bureau and City Water Works have been visited; the Encaustic Tile Works, Gas Plant, and Harrison Street Stone Yard have aided in opening the eyes of these Physiogs to the extent of physiographic influences. The indoor meetings have consisted of stereopticon programs, essays on various topics, biographies of prominent leaders in this science, and debates.

Frank Levinson, Donald Ferguson, and Sydney Jones have each wielded the gavel during the past year. Norton Fishbein has heroically borne the many jokes heaped upon him, and was for a time seriously considered for the club's mascot.

Prominent members who failed to get in the picture above are Louis Adams, Louise Kertley, Katherine Frommeyer, Alice Hamilton, and Charles Bingham. There are at present above 20 Physiogs.

Shortridge Calendar 1910-11

Sept. 14.—Everybody back excepting the old seniors, and even some of them couldn't stay away. Peter Scherer busy with his policeman's club.

Sept. 20.—Jimmy Hasselman leaves for Wesleyan. Lela Duke continues to come to Shortridge.

Sept. 22.—Joseph Ostrander displays the nerve of a hero—he appears at school in nose-glasses.

Sept. 28.—Mr. Myron Leckner talks to the assembled multitude in Caleb Mills on "The Choice of Schools." Mr. Buck is given a hearty welcome. The tiny freshmen peek slyly over the railing to get a glimpse of the weighty heads of the seniors.

Oct. 1.—Tommy Hendricks wins the tennis championship—to the decided satisfaction of the girls at least.

Oct. 2.—French club organizes—gentlemen are decidedly in the minority, but Noble Taylor is faithful to the end.

Oct. 8.—All hail! another tennis champion! Dorothy Vestal challenges Tommy Hendricks for the decisive game. A "love set," huh?

Oct. 12.—Mr. and Mrs. Williams entertain us with a number of elocutional gymnastics.

Oct. 19.—Miss Mary E. Nicholson and Mr. W. N. Otto tell us of the lives and works of Robert Nix, William Vaughn Moody, and Julia Ward Howe.

Oct. 23.—Seniors have a meeting. Ye Annual editors are elected. Glen blushes from head to heels, but accepts the job anyhow. George Harding seconds the motion.

Oct. 26.—Dr. Calvin I. Fletcher tickles our funny bone in his lecture on Naples, Pompeii, and Vesuvius.

Oct. 27.—Miss Dorsey goes to accept a splendid position in Colorado Springs. Miss Dye gives a reception for her, at which Walter Lieber and Philip Lewis represent the student body.

Nov. 1.—German Club organizes! "Ach! Was haben wir hier?"



Shortridge Calendar 1910–11

Nov. 2.—Mr. Wade gives a stereopticon lecture on gems, making some of the girls green with envy on account of his diamonds and emeralds. The Welsh male chorus, so widely known, delights us with their songs.

Nov. 6.—Miss Philputt promises an A+ to all pupils who will bring her a box of candy every day. Social tea is held at 3:10 in room 15. Plenty of candy.

Nov. 16.—Mrs. Carey speaks to the girls on "The Ideal Shortridge Girl" while Mr. Buck talks to the boys. Mr. Benton visits school and enjoys hearing Tommy Hendricks lead the boys in "give 'em the axe!"

Nov. 24.—Mr. F. S. C. Wicks gives a very delightful talk on "The Seriousness of Humor." Mr. Buck advises us all to "turn turkey."

Nov. 30.—The elective chorus again comes to light, and is a pleasant introduction to a talk by Dr. Hurty on "Hygiene and the Work of the State Board of Health."

Dec. 3.—Etiquette strikes the lunch room. Marion Porter, Kathleen Bassett, and Lois Carey are not heard above the ordinary din.

Dec. 7.—Mr. Owen Davies Odell gave a splendid talk on "Fools." I guess we all want to be the red kind!

Dec. 12.—The Echo insists that the success of this year's track team is assured: Noble Taylor and Nicholson Eastman are coming out for the weight events.

Dec. 14.—Marjorie Hall confesses that her chief ambition in life is to whistle like Marcia Doan.

Dec. 18.—To let: a policeman's hat, and a billy-club! Best wishes to Mr. Scherer in his new work.

Dec. 21.—The alumni begin to come back in troops this week. Margaret Metzger and Gertrude Schnull were the center of an inquisitive crowd of little ones.

Jan. 4.—Santa Claus remembered every Shortridger with some sort of novel present; he brought George Popp a pair of long pants, and Severin Buschman a lovely pompadour.

Shortridge Calendar 1910-11

Jan. 12.—Mr. William Lowe Bryan talks on "The Education of the Disposition." Dark secrets brought to light: Richard Scribner always hands in Echo copy about himself and Robert Kennington writes poetry with such titles as "Thine azure eyes, fair one of my dreams."

Jan. 16.—Dr. Samuel A. Eliot addresses English students on "The Value of the Imagination." The mumps epidemic puts in its appearance. Helen Thornton is the first victim.

Jan. 18.—Scott's Kenilworth is made interesting by Miss Ida Fay Smith's rendering of various passages from it.

Jan. 25.—"Resolved, That some form of commission government should displace the present federal system in Indianapolis," was the weighty subject on which the debating teams expended their surplus vocal energy this morning.

Jan. 27.—The senior prom.—'nuff said!

Feb. 10.—Dorothea Eaglesfield made a very successful substitute for Miss Dye today. The only difficulty was the fact that the speeches Dorothea had written out to say, she lost somewhere on the street car.

Feb. 15.—Orchestra made the biggest hit of the season in auditorium today. Mr. William Forsythe entertained us for an hour and a half with a lecture on "Art."

Feb. 20.—Tom Noble expounds on the subject that "Women have not keen enough perception to learn the tricks of politics."

Feb. 22.—Mr. Claude Bowers exceeded the speed limit in his Wednesday speech. Miss Woodbridge also entertains us in the auditorium.

Feb. 28.—Miss McClellan startles all the birds at Fairview by shooting Guy Mean's big gun at a target. The target was perfectly safe.

Mar. 7.—Lela Duke is chosen leading lady in the try-out for the senior play, "Just Out of College."

Mar. 11.—Spring fever germs develop.



Mar. 13.—Some fancy dancing and some artistic rope-walking, that of the "gym" boys and girls in the auditorium today! Miss Hosmer and Mr. Allen certainly deserve "nine rahs" for such a performance!

Mar. 27.—Philip Lewis continues to fill up his editorial page with "Dates which should be remembered."

Mar. 30.—Miss Allen contracts the mumps.

Mar. 31.—Vacation—hurrah! Ten days of rest for everybody but the Annual staff.

Apr. 1.—Bachelor's Club disorganizes again: Forsythe resigns on account of having reached the pension age, and E. L. Moore transfers his affections to Manual.

Apr. 11.—Honor roll appears—shame on you, boys, to let the girls keep up the reputation of the school!

Apr. 12.—Miss Louise Holmquist gave us the most interesting and enjoyable talk of the year on "Personality." Illustrated her speech as she went.

Apr. 13.—Lois Carey disturbs her friends very much by her newly acquired habit of incessantly saying, "By hokey!"

Apr. 17.—Mr. Buck pitched his wonderful cork-screw curve to start off the baseball season this afternoon.

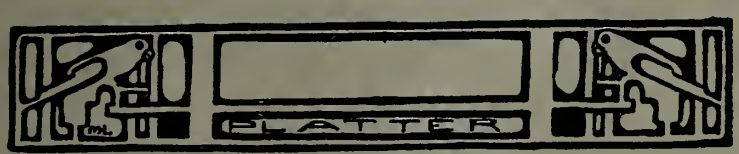
Apr. 19.—Miss Mary E. Nicholson gave us an illustrated lecture on Concord, to celebrate the anniversary of the "Battle of Bunker Hill." The fifth hour was shortened and everybody was happy.

Apr. 21.—Even the teachers are beginning to play "hookey."

Apr. 26.—Dr. Stone of Purdue gave us a few points on the "Investment of Surplus Time."

May 8.—M. T. H. S. and Shortridge boys are invited to a banquet at the Y. M. C. A. Six plates ordered for "Jumbo" Wilson.

May 10.—It is getting too hot to keep a diary—guess I'll spend my time more profitably tramping with Miss McClellan.




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This midget remains For Art's sake, a midget



Clamored for everything as a little tot, And now for the Seniors dollars.



Little enough and dainty too, Watch down what the Seniors do and do and do



A hale of the keen Regrets no

old rover ins corps he flaunt antlers.



No hair at all in youthful days, The Vice executive now in auburn blooms.



Down the 1911 the years of gold

to lead Class, his woman by nature.



Little duck takes swim in the puddles.

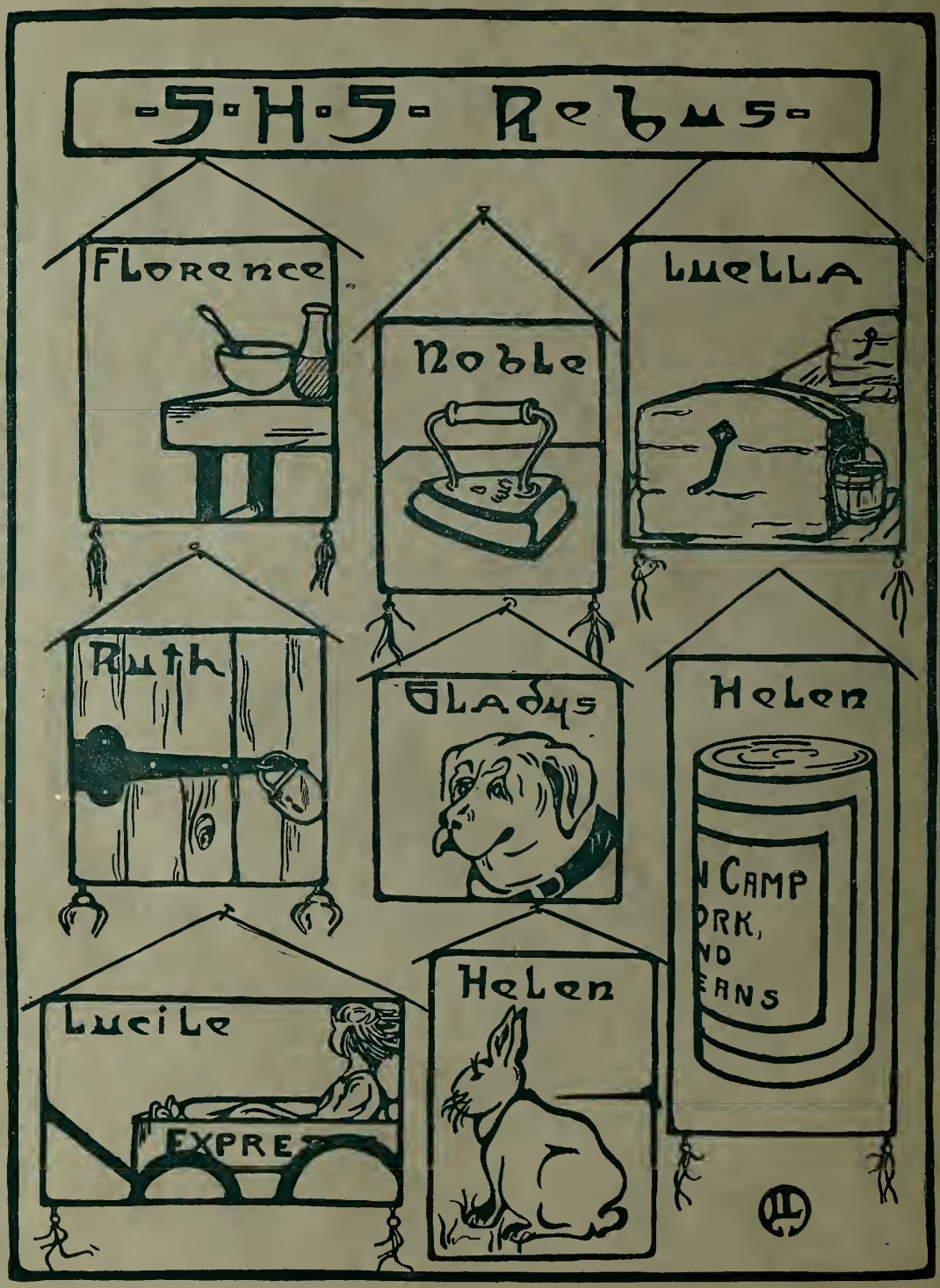


In the infant lay the inkling Of the wisdom of the Gods



We have that once where tresses

by prove hair grew now no wave.

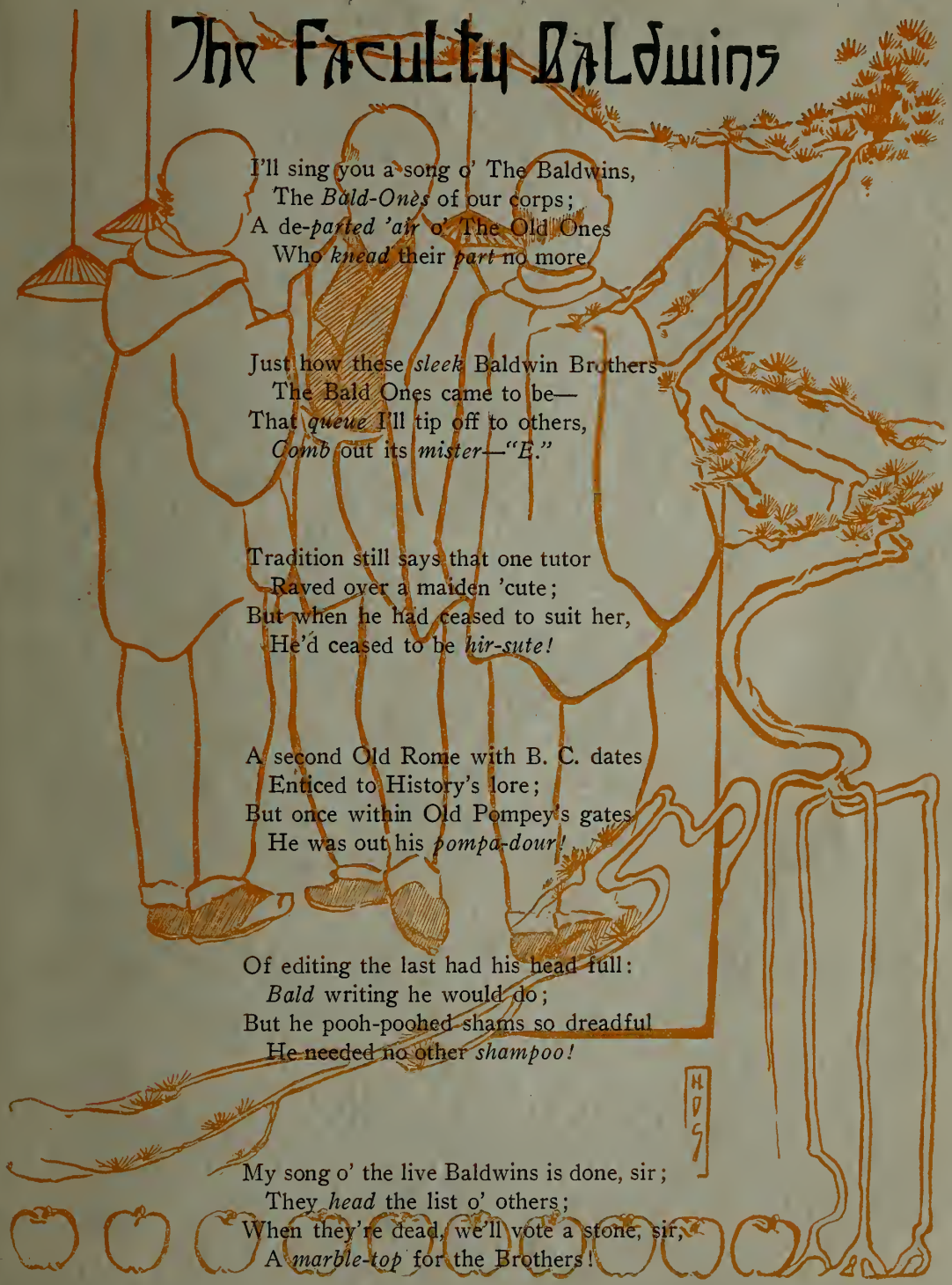

-S-H-S- Rebus-
Florence
Noble
Luella
Ruth
Gladys
Helen
Lucile
Helen


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In Quire Within

A Chinese Quarrel

He tossed his queue
Then both made ugly catlike eyes
He quoth 'I'll 'C' 'R' 'A' 'J' said she
'I' 'M' 'A' 'R' her glance said 'STUNG'
'I' 'X' 'L' 'U' his look betrayed
A yellow streak each one displayed
Neither moved his or her tongue
Yet
They coolly used old alphabet
And since no english word they spoke
Two angry Chinese lovers met
In chop stick den midst opium smoke

The Faculty Baldwins



I'll sing you a song o' The Baldwins,
The *Bald-Ones* of our corps;
A de-*parted 'air* o' The Old Ones
Who *knead* their *part* no more.

Just how these *sleek* Baldwin Brothers
The Bald Ones came to be—
That *queue* I'll tip off to others,
Comb out its *mister*—"*E.*"

Tradition still says that one tutor
Raved over a maiden 'cute;
But when he had ceased to suit her,
He'd ceased to be *hir-sute!*

A second Old Rome with B. C. dates
Enticed to History's lore;
But once within Old Pompey's gates
He was out his *pompa-dour!*

Of editing the last had his head full:
Bald writing he would do;
But he pooh-poohed shams so dreadful
He needed no other *shampoo!*

My song o' the live Baldwins is done, sir;
They *head* the list o' others;
When they're dead, we'll vote a stone, sir,
A *marble-top* for the Brothers!

The Song of the Senior Censor


Some may sing of fields and mountain
tarry skies and flashing fountain


How they love the flowers and green eart
umble cottage — native home heart


h! I love not dell nor grott
nly give me bricks! my mott


ed brick buildings high and highe
eaching to the sky and skye


o these buildings, where my friends si
here I wend my way and love i


unning all the way and eve
eadily and finding — neve


nfinte the way! Once come
n the building Meet Alumn


own the stairs I walk with these, an
reaming. Leave them 'neath the trees an


oing on the freshman fleetin
eets me with a frightened greetin











The Song of the Senior Censor


Ever bold the silly sophomor

Even dares the junior Laugh mor




Still I wander through the hallway

Searching up and down and alway


Endlessly I seek and do se ▫ ▫ ▫

▫ ▫ ▫ verything, from baby goosi


Now on up to quite a full grow ☆ ☆ ☆

☆ ☆ ☆ oisy goose, and yet I must ow


Care not for these. Ah no! ▫ ▫

▫ ▫ am seeking mine, and oh


Oh I do recall the way ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ S

ver through this bridge I may ▫


Right past all these doors to this doo

Reaching finally the first floo


See I've found them! I don't mean your

ee! No! Mine! My Shortridge Senior

The Terrors of the Tiny Editor Tads

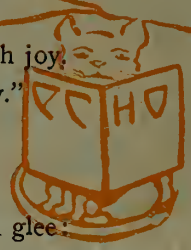
Note—In case anyone does not know who these famous hopefuls are, we print their names: N. J. Eastman, N. Taylor, P. C. Lewis, and W. F. Daugherty.

"O mercy!" cries a Tiny Tad, "O look what's coming here,
It is a Censorang-outang. He'll eat us up I fear."

"Had we not best Facultivate his friendship?" asks the one.
"Oh no!" reply the other Tads, "It's safer far to run."

He takes it quite Amiss-print, though, that they should run away.
They wish they had some kind of food his appetite to stay.

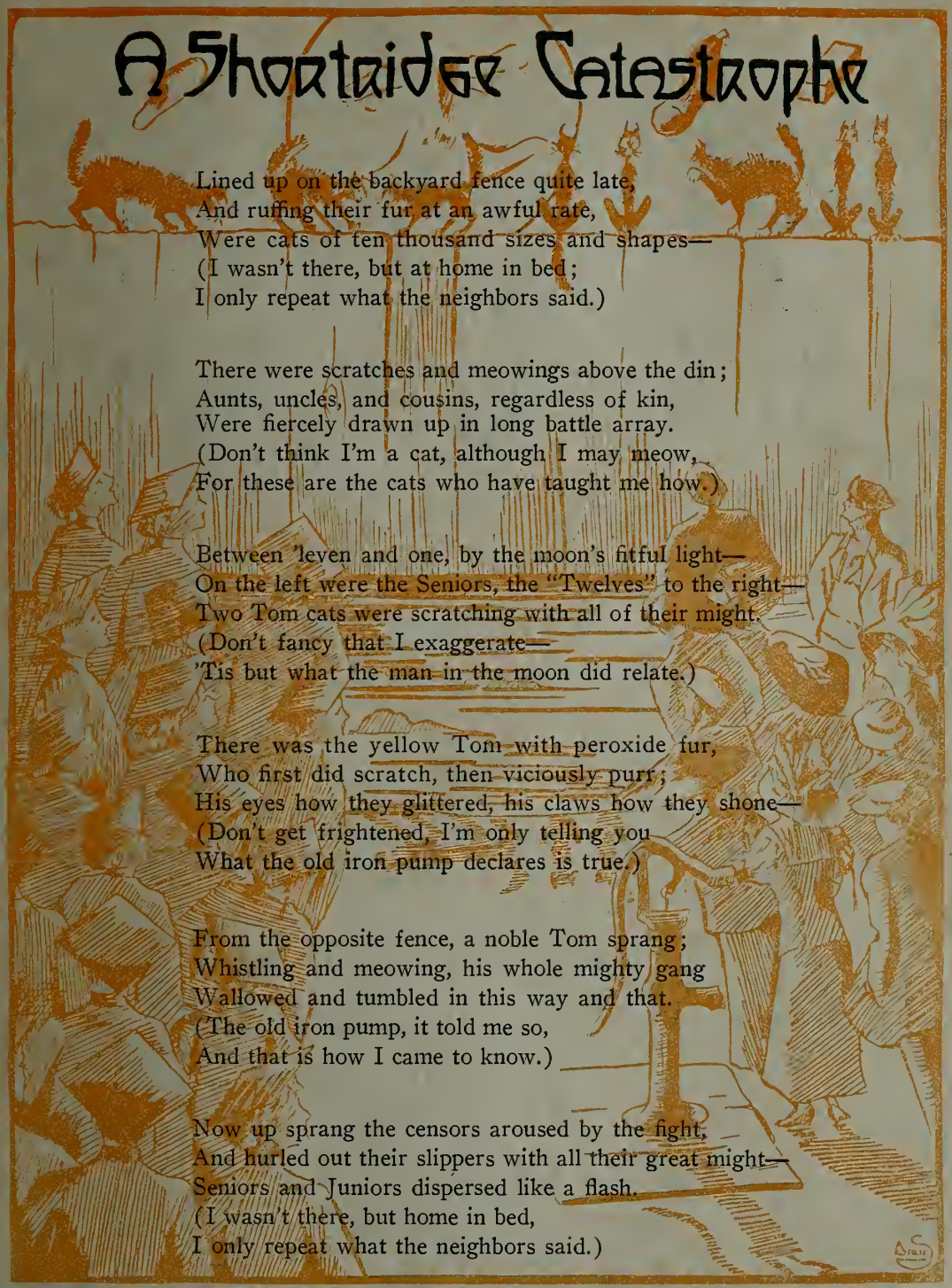
"Ah, there's an Echo copy-cat!" the Tads cry out with joy.
"He'll surely eat that rather than a hardened little boy."



They feed it to him, bit by bit, and then they shout in glee:
"Now we can find some Printing-prest beneath this Ty-pear tree."

The rest are lying fast asleep. One Tiny murmurs then,
"I have a Printer's ink-ling that he will come back again."

A Shortridge Catastrophe



Lined up on the backyard fence quite late,
And ruffing their fur at an awful rate,
Were cats of ten thousand sizes and shapes—
(I wasn't there, but at home in bed;
I only repeat what the neighbors said.)

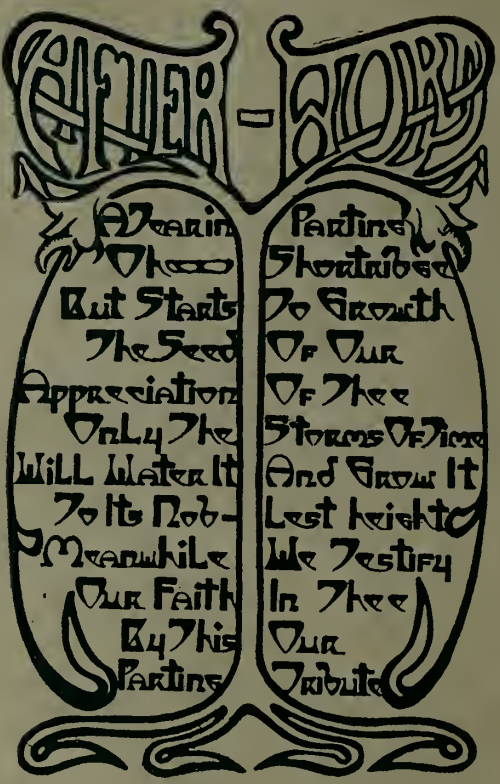
There were scratches and meowings above the din;
Aunts, uncles, and cousins, regardless of kin,
Were fiercely drawn up in long battle array.
(Don't think I'm a cat, although I may meow,
For these are the cats who have taught me how.)

Between 'leven and one, by the moon's fitful light—
On the left were the Seniors, the "Twelves" to the right—
Two Tom cats were scratching with all of their might.
(Don't fancy that I exaggerate—
'Tis but what the man in the moon did relate.)

There was the yellow Tom with peroxide fur,
Who first did scratch, then viciously purr;
His eyes how they glittered, his claws how they shone—
(Don't get frightened, I'm only telling you
What the old iron pump declares is true.)

From the opposite fence, a noble Tom sprang;
Whistling and meowing, his whole mighty gang
Wallowed and tumbled in this way and that.
(The old iron pump, it told me so,
And that is how I came to know.)

Now up sprang the censors aroused by the fight,
And hurled out their slippers with all their great might—
Seniors and Juniors dispersed like a flash.
(I wasn't there, but home in bed,
I only repeat what the neighbors said.)


After-Glow
Wearin
Thee
But Starts
The Seed
Appreciation
Only The
Will Water It
To Its Nob-
Meanwhile
Our Faith
By This
Parting
Parting
Shoutin
To Growth
Of Our
Of Thee
Storms Of Time
And Grow It
Lest Height
We Testify
In Thee
Our
Tribute

This Annual is the year book of Shortridge High School, and the particular enterprise of the 1911 senior class. In its publication, the freely tendered services of Miss Roda E. Selleck, sponsor of Shortridge Art, and that of our class censor, Mr. W. W. Livengood, head of the English Department, can scarcely be overestimated. Only we editors realize how hopeless our task would have been without their assistance. Nor lightly do we appreciate the careful supervision of the financial phase by Mr. A. H. Sproul, and the effort which Mr. McKee has made to give us a well-printed book.

Among the students of the senior class, and of the other classes as well, we have found willing and capable helpers. Contributors not given credit elsewhere in connection with their articles are: Vernon Burns, Ralph Thompson, Louise Hughel, Naomi Giffin, Katharine Jameson, Mary Southwick, Sam Mantel, Garrett Olds, Edith Skinner, Edith Roberts, Lena Grisso, Virginia Smith, John Henderson, Ruth Cunningham, and Gordon Cox.

Fifteen hundred copies of this Annual have been printed by the Shortridge Daily Echo Press and are issued this June. This book is number ——.

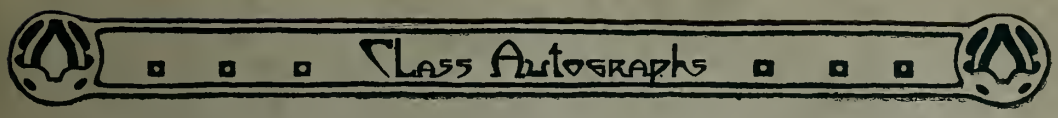
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Oda Thayer '13

Mary Elizabeth Howe '13

Hazel [illegible] '13

Mary Virginia Ringsbury '13


Class Autographs

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1895	711
1900	1016
1905	1538
1910	2564

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The University Catalogue.
The Spring Term Bulletin.
The Summer Term Bulletin.
The Bulletin of the School of Law.
The Bulletin of the School of Education.
The Bulletin of the School of Medicine.
The Bulletin of the Graduate School.
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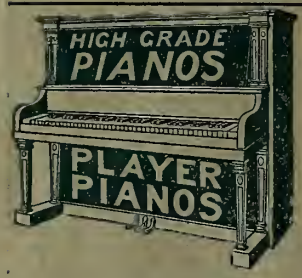
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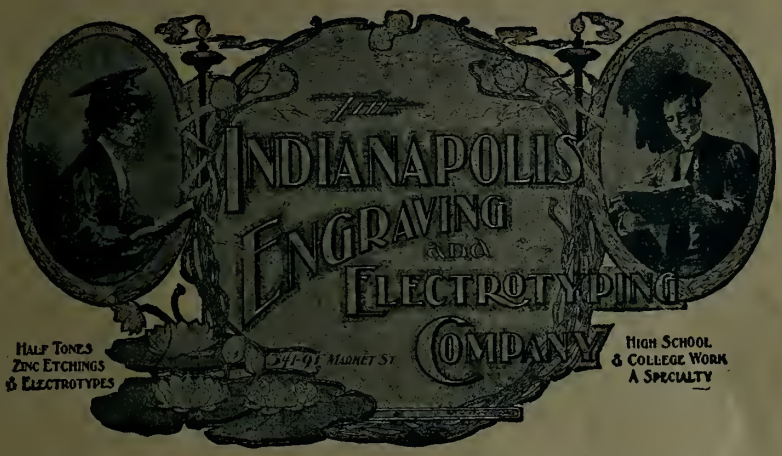
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